

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,  
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

## THE UNDERTONE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY AUGUST BELLS.

Under the pale green willow  
Down by the dancing brook,  
All among grass and lilies  
I love to lie and look,  
I love to lie and look,  
Up at the sun through the leaves,  
And wonder if it cares at all  
How the willow droops and grieves!

Down by the stately harbor  
The rocks rise gray and tall,  
And there I watch the billows  
Forever rise and fall,—  
Forever rise and fall,  
And I wonder if they care  
Because they cannot leap to Heaven  
Where clouds float white and fair!

Under the dark still hemlocks  
Down in the forest deep,  
Alone in its cool shadows  
I dream, yet do not sleep;  
Dreaming, yet not asleep,  
I hear the wildwood birds;  
Somehow a sadder, sweeter song  
Was never put in words!

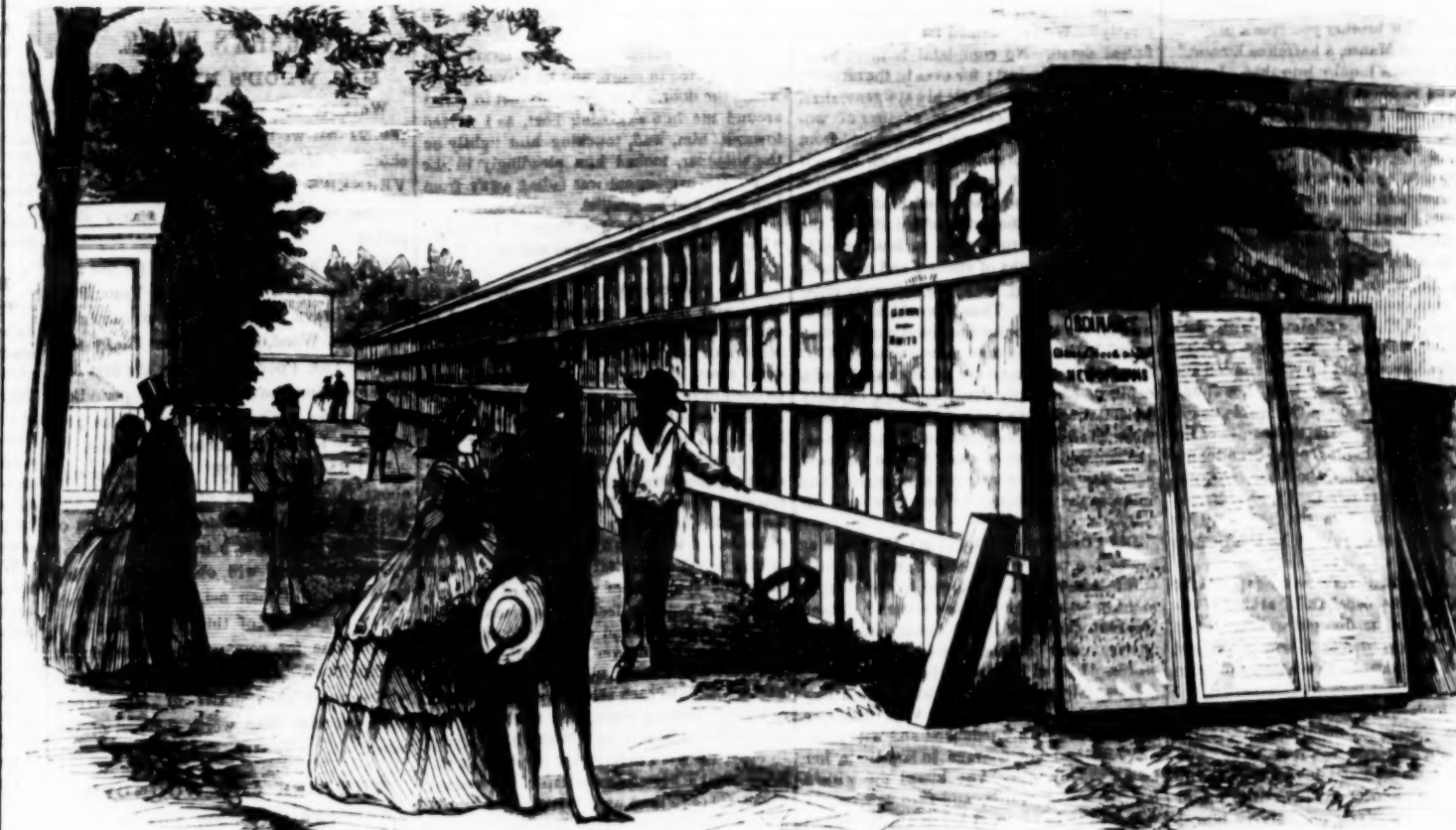
The restless billows heave  
Upon the restless river,  
The sun rides through the heavens,  
And the brook flows on forever,—  
The brook flows on forever,  
And the ending is not yet,—  
I wonder if earth is longing  
For something it cannot get!

## A HEART STRUGGLE.

### PART THE SECOND.

"My father shall know all," I said to myself when the first agony of grief was over. But when we met at the breakfast-table that morning, courage failed me. I knew my father's violent disposition far too well to venture further in the course which I had marked out for myself. A storm in a tea-cup, thanks to my mother's docility and my father's temper, was a storm indeed. The submission of the lady of the household only served to aggravate the violence of the lord, when his hot blood was aroused. The secret that stirred in my heart like a live must be hidden yet a while. I would wait the time to think and act.

Disguise it as I might from my own heart, I loved the minister, and I loved him none the less because I pitied his unfortunate father. I was in a painful dilemma. Apart from the circumstance which made a companion with Mr. Macbrath unfeeling, I could help feeling that I was staking my happiness on a dangerous hazard. A gloomy, clouded, unfavorable to the growth of domestic happiness, and fatal to a woman's life, hung about the lives of the two men whom I had become so suddenly and strangely associated. I feared the minister's dark moods more than I feared his father in his wild moods. He was high-spirited, but headstrong and passionate; I feared that he loved me more than he cared to confess.



## THE CITY CEMETERY OF NEW ORLEANS.

Among the most remarkable objects in New Orleans are the cemeteries, a view of one of which is annexed. Each of these silent cities is inclosed with a brick wall of arched cavities, very much resembling ovens, which indeed is the unpleasantly suggestive

name they are known by here. These are made just large enough to admit a coffin, and raised, tier upon tier, to the height of about 12 feet. The whole enclosure is divided into plots, with gravel paths, intersecting each other at right angles, and is densely covered

with tombs, built wholly above ground, and from one to three stories high. This method of sepulture is adopted from necessity, as burial under ground is never attempted except in the Potter's Field, where the stranger without friends and the poor without money find an un-

certain rest; the soil being so marshy that the coffin is often lifted out by the water, while its contents are left to moulder beneath the open sky. New Orleans is a strange city, the manners and customs being often more French and Spanish than American.—*Frank Leslie's Paper.*

With my father, so far as his position in relation to Mr. Macbrath was concerned, I had little sympathy. I never for a moment doubted the truth of the dark story I had heard that night in the Manse.

I did not venture out of doors for some days, for I felt quite worn out with anxiety. My brain was overwrought, my heart ached. The gloomy fretful cloud on the face of my mother, who dared not expose my position, provoked and tortured me; when our eyes met, there was cunning in mine and sullen reproach in hers.

The first day I ventured out of doors, I wandered involuntarily over the marshes to Rab Gibson's Dyke. It was a gloomy morning; the sky was dark and cloudy and threatened rain. The marshy ground was covered by a thin, yellow mist, in the midst of which one stray sickly sunbeam went and came fitfully. Close by the Dyke, I came suddenly upon the minister. He was pacing up and down, with a book in his hand; but I could see that his thoughts did not follow the printed page. When he glanced up and saw me, the blood on his stern face flushed from red heat to white heat. I recoiled, half-frightened, with a beating heart. He closed his book quietly, and came towards me.

"I have been waiting for you," he exclaimed quietly.

"Waiting for me, sir?" I murmured, with an appealing look.

"Yes, madam. I knew you must venture out sooner or later, and I was sure that instinct would lead you to this spot. I have consequently made this place my study for the last few mornings."

I stood still, very pale, with my eyes bent upon the ground, and returned no answer.

"I desire, madam, to apologize for my brother's violence, and for my own words spoken in the heat of passion."

He spoke bitterly, not humbly, and there was a sneer on his face as he spoke. I felt roused.

"Your brother," I said, "is dangerous, and ought not to be suffered to go at large."

He frowned grimly. He looked very strange in his large eccentric cloak and Guy Fawkes hat; he seemed like some ghost of a time and a society long before departed.

"Miss Jessie Hayman, my brother is dearer to me than life itself, and I have sworn to do my duty by him. Whilst I am able to protect him, he shall never enter an asylum. Shall I add, that you should be the last woman in the world to make such a proposal?"

"Spare your taunts, Mr. Macbrath. If the account you gave me be true—"

"If it be true?" he cried fiercely. "Do you doubt it? Look into your father's face,

as you tell him what I have told you, and then doubt it. Enough of this. You have been put to unnecessary pain; but we also have suffered. Good morning. I have said all I came to say, and will now leave you."

He turned on his heel and moved away. My blood rushed up hotly to my face and ears, my head swam. I felt wild and reckless in my passion. I would sacrifice all for this dark, moody man, who towered so far above me by virtue of his stern strength.

"Mr. Macbrath!" I cried unweariedly.

The man with a softer look, half pity, half surprise.

"Have you a heart? Have you any pity? Can you perceive the bitterness of my position?"

"I have pity, Miss Jessie; and I pity you. God forgive me!"

The man was a mystery to me. His outer mood changed from storm to calm, as if obeying the motions of an uncontrollable soul. As he spoke, his dark face looked inexpressibly beautiful in its softening charity. Could he, then, be wicked and desperate? The soft look conquered me, and I burst into tears. He did not move.

"We live in a hard world, young lady," he said, gently; "and blessed are those that are able to weep. There is no sorrow without sin; and sin scorches the sweet tears out of us. Farewell!"

"Stop!" I cried, hysterically.

He turned with a strange look of wonder, and made a sudden step towards me.

"Oh, have pity! have pity!" I cried. "I love you!"

Joy, like a sunbeam, fell luminously on his face, as he caught me in his arms with a cry.

"I thought so; I hoped so," he exclaimed, clasping me in his strong arms. "It is enough. God forgive me if I sin, dear girl; but I have not courage to give you up. I am a coward, I say; but for your sake, Jessie, I will sacrifice all."

I shuddered, in spite of myself, at the confession I had made in my excitement. I was blind with tears as I struggled to escape from his embrace.

"Let me go," I cried; "if you love me, let me go. I was mad."

"Jessie!"

In an instant he released me. Drawing back a few feet, he stood looking at me calmly and quietly. But I did not move from the spot. Sadly and nervously I returned his gaze. He approached with bent head, and took my hand.

"Do you, then, wish to recall the words spoken to me a few moments ago?"

I made no reply.

"I insist upon an answer," he cried. "Were you trifling with me?"

"I was not," I answered firmly, compressing my teeth and lips to keep my courage up.

"Thanks, thanks! I am to believe that you love me, Jessie?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps I err in thinking Heaven that it is so. I do err, if the love I bear you be a sinful one; but let us pray that it is not so. What if Fate were to accomplish her ends by your means, and to accomplish them gently?"

I bowed my head and said nothing. His eyes were fixed on mine with a strange fascinating gaze.

"And you will marry me, Jessie? You will be mine, dear girl, will you not?"

I trembled in spite of myself; for I saw my father's wrathful face and heard my mother's chiding voice. Whether did my duty urge me? and would either path lead to peace and happiness?

"You hesitate," he exclaimed, watching me keenly. "I perceive your doubts, and they are important ones. Yet, be assured, your marriage with me may or may not cause unpleasantness at first; but it will eventually produce much good. Remember, Jessie, that by marrying me you may atone for great and fearful crime."

"Do not name it!" I cried, with a shudder.

"I will not. You will marry me sooner or later, Jessie?"

"Sooner or later, yes."

He caught me in his arms, and pressing me closely to his bosom, kissed me tenderly.

The morning grew darker and darker around us as he took my arm, and we walked slowly side by side by the path over the marshes. There was a storm brewing; but we thought only of the storm within, and heeded not the storm without.

Side by side we walked under the clouds and through the mists. His face was turned to mine, and it wore a glow that might have been triumph, and might have been affection, but in the eyes a deep indescribable tenderness, or such it seemed to be, lingered, lingered like the soft halo round a star when it is fading. Both were silent.

Our thoughts were too terribly beautiful for utterance. My pulses throbbed thickly with pain and fear that were almost happiness. I could have died for the love of that man, if need be, then and there. The growing clouds, the floating mists, the silver glamour around the far distant mountains, the solitude of the marshes, were portions of a strange dream, in which I seemed to lose all consciousness of individual being. Never before had I experienced such profound emotion. Yet never, I believe, was my emotion less apparent. We went into no visible raptures; we made no ostentatious display of our love for one another. Our souls mingled in the dreadful silence of their hope. This silence was at last broken by the minister.

"Jessie," he said with a sad smile, drawing me close to him, and looking bravely into my eyes—"Jessie, does it occur to you that ours is a very strange wooing?"

I looked into his face inquiringly.

"For myself," he continued, "I am unaccustomed to strong demonstrations; but I am seventeen years older than you, dear girl, and that fact may account for my seeming apathy. To you, however, who are young and ignorant of the world, I must seem sadly cold and dull. Tell me, Jessie, are you not a little romantic?"

"Not at all," was the reply. But he looked incredulous.

"That you are not a novel reader I am already aware, and I am also aware that you are free from those foolish heroic notions which so often mislead young women. Perhaps you interpreted my question too narrowly. Your romance, if you have any, only assumes a sacrificial form. Perhaps you have exaggerated notions as to the self-sacrifice and resignation necessary to your sex?"

"Richard!" I exclaimed, imploringly.

He pressed his lips close to mine, and kissed me passionately.

"I love you, I love you," he murmured without his usual sternness.

"If you indeed love me, Richard—if you love me as you say—why this dreadful struggle? Is it not written that love is all sufficient, that it heals all wounds, that it is all in all to each—holy, holy? Oh, Richard dear, if you love me, think that this love is a sacred trust that Heaven has given you; doubt it not, doubt it not, and all will be well. True, true love is always right; it cannot err, it cannot stain or injure any one of God's creatures."

As I finished the sentence a flash of lightning lit up our faces, and both, I felt, were full of truthful love. I was violently agitated. Had I spoken like a selfish woman, or like a heroine? Enough that he was satisfied; for brightness lingered on his face, even when the lightning flash had died away.

"You are wiser and better than I. Blessings upon your true heart, my darling! Pity me, comfort me. I am a minister of the Gospel; but there is a darkness on me. Be my teacher."

"Richard!"

Again that trembling appealing cry, which sprang out of the yearning of my heart.

"I am only a poor weak girl; but, oh, I love you dearly; and, for better or worse, I will be your true and constant wife."

The joy of that moment! We forgot the lightning and the thunder, the fierce paraphernalia of the soul, and stood gazing at each other in our great and strange love—a love that was never, never to die, even when "death did us part."

"Jessie," he cried, "it would be glorious to die now!"

The lightning sprang out from heaven like a fiery sword, rebuking him. We now hurried on.

"To die," I said, "is less noble than to live. If we have loads to bear, Richard, love will give us strength to endure; but let us not yield till we are crushed by a load that is beyond our power to carry further."

We were now in the immediate neighborhood of our house; I tremble, not at the storm.

"Are you afraid, dear girl," said the minister, tenderly. "Nay, be assured by your own sweet philosophy. Love defies all elements, and is its own talisman against all earthly ills."

But the clouds now broke, and the rain fell down in torrents, drenching us to the skin in a moment, and putting an abrupt conclusion to the passionate poetical speech. With the gallantry of a younger man, and, in spite of my remonstrances, he took off his great cloak and flung it over my shoulders. I begged him to proceed with me no further; but he was excited, and paid no attention to my remonstrances. We hurried along, side by side, and at last we halted before my father's gate.

We were concealed from the eyes of any inmates of the house by the thick trees in the garden. He hurriedly pressed his lips to mine, and murmured in my ear, "If possible, be at the Manse this evening. Nay, you can trust me, and I have much to say to you."

With a passionate farewell, he left me. Quite bewildered, I ran immediately into the house.

Shaken to the skin, I was hurrying upstairs, when I met my father, who had only just arisen. He hurriedly noticed him in my agitation, and I was passing him with a quiet morning greeting, when he touched me on the shoulder, and commanded me to stop. I stopped, lifting my eyes timidly to his face. To my surprise, he frowned, turned alternately red and pale, and seemed violently agitated. I trembled for the first time, fearful lest he had discovered my secret.

"Where have you been, child?" he asked impatiently, with a glance of great suspicion. I told the truth, not the whole truth.

"I was out for a walk, papa, and was caught in the rain."

He was not satisfied.

"Change your clothes," he said with quiet rage, "and come to me immediately in the study."

"Yes, papa."

Once in my bed-room, I forgot my bodily plight, and threw myself down upon the bed. Surely, surely, never was there girl more unlucky than I. The course of my true love ran rough as a torrent in a Highland glen; now it wavered to the right, now to the left, but all the time it was unconsciously precipitating itself into irretrievable action. Had my reason convinced me that my love was wrong and unholy, I might have imolated this first affection on the cold altar of my home; but I was far from convinced either that I loved sinfully, or that the man I loved was in error. I had a girlish notion that for him one loves it is our duty to sacrifice even home and its claims; and I held true feminine love to be an even more holy sentiment than filial duty. That my own passion was pure in its essence I felt convinced; I loved with an un-











## OLD LETTERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

With pleasure half akin to pain,  
I take them from their secret place,  
And many a dear remembered face  
Looks smiling up in mine again.

A goodly pile! but soiled and worn,  
And this, whose characters are dim,  
Is precious, for it came from him  
Who never from my heart was torn.

Alas! my thoughts go fugitive!  
His honest heart—his handsome face—  
His winning smile—his courtly grace  
In memory's sanctuary live!

And here is one—a tender tie  
Between the living and the dead:  
Alas! what fond hopes perished,  
Low in her grave together lie!

The loveliest of little girls,  
Bonds sweetest memories in rhyme,  
Dead tenderly with her, oh, Time!  
Rest lightly on her sunny curls!

A bride writes from her new estate—  
Oh, Love! did not one glowing line,  
But let thy record live and shine,  
Who maketh glad or desolate!

A gentle minister true and kind;  
Yet he who traced it with cold  
Beneath the shroud's unloving fold,  
Thou! all he loved are left behind.

And Kate, dear Kate, whose poet heart  
Went out in sweet and tender words,  
Melodious as the song of birds,  
When spring's first buds and blossoms start—

I cannot check the rising tears  
For blessed memories of her,  
My gentle friend—my confessor—  
Gone from me all these weary years!

Alas! alas! fate worketh ill,  
When loving hearts come to meet,  
When loving hearts divided still,  
Thou! living on and loving live!

But, ah! regrets are weak and vain!  
Sorrow or sacrifice imparts  
Something divine to human hearts,  
As flowers bloom sweeter after rain.

Another voice my spirit stirs—  
I lay these precious relics by,  
Again the faded ribbon ties  
Around these sweet remembrances.

Oh, troubled heart! what tho' the past  
Hath tokens of the tried and true,  
There yet remaineth unto you  
A love abiding to the last!

## THE DEATH-BED PROMISE.

From the darkened chamber where Philip Stourton's wife lay sick of a mortal disease, the doctor had taken his departure, after gentle but ominous words, and husband and wife were face to face in "the valley of the shadow of death." Moved up to the last with hope, that might ebb and flow, but had never wholly forsaken them, the doctor's warning fell heavily indeed on their hearts; and the pangs of parting came upon them with premature unlooked-for bitterness.

"I could have wished to live a little longer with you," said the sick lady, in a momentary lull of tears, "and not to leave the bonnie little children so soon with no mother to care for them; but, Philip, you will promise this, it is my dying request—do not put them in the power of a mother who is not their own, such are always cruel. For the memory of me, dear Philip, for the sake of the children, promise me not to marry again."

Philip Stourton was silent; he felt all the onerous conditions which a promise of this nature involved. However much he loved his wife—and he loved her devotedly—yet he saw what his partner could not see, that in depriving himself of his free will to act, he might be creating for himself a life-long burden and sorrow. But his wife renewed her entreaties, and clasping him round the neck in a passion of tears, besought him not to refuse the request of one so near to the grave. With those dark, beseeching, dying eyes upon him, he could not deny the petition, he promised. Nay, he begged him even to swear that he would be faithful to her memory, and never wed a second wife, and Philip Stourton took the oath, his reluctance vanquished by an importunity which it seemed almost cruelty to resist.

The nurse who tended Philip's wife was a woman of a peculiar temperament, strictly upright, but fanatical in her notions of duty, and with a strong self-will. She was an old servant, had been in the family of Mrs. Stourton's father many years, and had been selected to accompany the young lady at the marriage. She had a sincere attachment to her mistress, who trusted and favored her, and when the fact became known that Mrs. Stourton could not recover, her grief was violent and uncontrollable. On the day following the scene above described, Philip Stourton, walking almost noiselessly into his wife's sick chamber, observed the nurse bending over the poor invalid, and taking from her hands a letter, whilst some whispered instructions were being given as to its careful delivery. His entrance seemed to disturb them somewhat, but he was too heavy of heart to heed anything except the pale face which looked wistfully at him from the pillow. It was a sorrowful day, for before it closed his young wife died in his arms.

During the months of desolate solitude which followed his bereavement, the circumstance of the promise he had given never once recurred to his mind. The great grief swallowed up all minor responsibilities of life. His loss was irreparable, his sorrow inconsolable; with his heart sealed up, as he fancied and wished, against consolation, he went on his cheerless way. But the influence which nature brings to bear upon us

in our misfortunes, though slow and silent in its operation, are in the end irresistible. Grieving constantly over his loss, Philip's sorrow grew less poignant. His children became more dear to him, and to a greater degree than he had thought possible grew to supply the place of his dead wife. By degrees their merriment became less grating to his ears. There were times, too, when his disposition recovered its natural tone; intervals of forgetfulness of the past, of hopefulness for the future. The children found a kind but strict foster mother in the nurse; and his household was a fairly ordered household yet, though not the bright and complete one which he knew before the spell had been passed upon it.

So Philip Stourton lived through his trouble, and found, after a while, in his children, his calling, and his books, both comfort and tranquillity.

In his profession of an architect, he worked steadily and successfully; he loved it because he excelled in it, and labor of any kind blunted the sense of pain and loss. A wealthy manufacturer had employed him in the erection of some extensive business premises, and afterwards of a private mansion; and on the completion of the latter, arranged a pleasant party to celebrate the circumstance. To this festive gathering the architect received a kindly worded invitation. Philip debated with himself whether he should accept it, and finally concluded to do so. His wife had now been dead two years, during which time he had altogether refrained from society. In his happier days he had been anything but a recluse, for a gay and buoyant temperament had made him the favorite of many circles; and now the natural desire to mix with men once more began to find a place in his mind. His promise occasionally recurred to memory, but had hitherto caused him no embarrassment or uneasiness. It was no fear on this score that had influenced his mode of life hitherto, and he thought not at all of the circumstance when he consented at last to break in on the seclusion which had become habitual.

Once under the roof of his hospitable friend, Philip's mind quickly took a coloring of cheerfulness and gaiety in keeping with the scene. This gaiety was, in fact, its most natural phase, and long constraint served no doubt to make each pleasurable impression more vivid. It has been said that he was well fitted to shine in such gatherings; he seemed to regain all his old powers on this occasion. Had the reunion been specially and cunningly planned (as it was not) to allure him back into the circle of living sympathies, the object could scarcely have been accomplished more effectually. The lights, the music, the wine, conversation and repartee, the fair and happy faces about him, made up an atmosphere which a nature like his could not long resist. And when Philip returned to his sombre hearth, the shadows seemed less dense, and his life more lovable than before; for we look at life through the coloring medium of inward feelings, and to these human intercourse is like sunshine. But was there no special reason beyond for this revulsion in Philip Stourton's mind? He might have answered there was no other; but it was whispered that bright glances had shone upon and fascinated him. "Pshaw," glances, indeed! Yes, but they were Honor Westwood's glances, and Honor was a very lovely girl.

She was the niece and ward of Mr. Westwood, their host; his heiress, also, it was said. Philip admired her beauty, felt perhaps a little flattered by her favor. But he was not to be taken by the first pretty face that chanced to look his way. Not in the least.

But Philip had made an errand to the great house within a few days, when an opportunity was afforded to him of judging whether he had not overestimated the young lady's beauty and courtesy on his first visit, a matter which curiously interested him, and exceedingly favorable to the lady were the conclusions he came to.

Then more than once or twice or thrice did he repeat his visit, and gradually from his heart and from his hearth faded the dark shade which fell upon them when his dear wife died.

One night, after a prolonged visit to the Westwoods, Philip Stourton returned home, and sat down in his silent study with a flushed and troubled brow. He tried to read, but after turning a page or two the book was thrown aside, and he sat with thoughtful eyes before the fire, absorbed in reverie. Not very pleasant were his reflections, to judge from the muttered words that escaped him now and then, betraying the theme on which his thoughts were busy. He had subjected himself to an influence which few can long resist, more especially when the mind has been acted upon by sorrow and solitude. He found himself suddenly in a forbidden realm, tempted by beauty, affection, companionship, feelings universally welcomed as the highest good of earth. But he was under disabilities; he was not free to choose like others; his promise stared him in the face. A wild mood of passion and remorse, and unavailing repentance perhaps for his rash promise, took possession of his mind, and made the long hours of that night sleepless. He was not so deeply enslaved, but that he still retained sufficient control over himself to take what was undoubtedly a wise resolution, if he desired to preserve inviolate the pledge he had given to his lost wife.

Honor Westwood wondered when the summer evenings came and went, but brought not the wanted and welcome guest. To wonder succeeded disappointment, and in disappointment, the bitter, though only half-acknowledged pangs of slighted love. Would he ever come again? What discourtesy had she been guilty of? She searched her memory and tortured her mind in vain. In Philip's absence she brooded over his image, and, as we are all apt to do, overvalued the merits of what she seemed to have lost, till in this way her half-formed attachment ripened into absolute love.

Mr. Westwood missed Philip Stourton too,

and, disquieted with the true state of affairs, at last sent a pressing summons for him. And what did Philip? With the faculty of self-delusion which is common to us all, he resolved to visit his friend; it was but a pleasant, intelligent intercourse he sought; was it mainly to shun the society he valued because of this shadowy danger?

Honor Westwood was nothing to him; he would go. He went, and in that peculiar mood of mind it may be easily guessed with what results. His early impressions were intensified, a passionate love took root in him, against which all his struggles were unavailing. But the lady was changed too; now, Philip had come back, she manifested a certain reserve. He felt the change, and was piqued. Instead of accepting the opportunity thus offered, and placing the intimacy on a footing more consonant to his sense of duty—as had been at one with himself on the subject he would have done—he determined to combat and overcome this estrangement. He succeeded. As his visits grew more frequent, Honor Westwood's manner resumed its old grace and warmth, till her uncle began to take note of such small circumstances as led him to suspect that his niece and his architect were—well, no matter—Honor was of age, mistress of a small fortune, and Philip Stourton was an estimable man and his good friend. Smooth as regarded outward influences was the course of Philip's love-making, but his own mind was in a fever, and he dared not look beyond the present hour. He worked hard at his profession, crowded task upon task, purposely allowing himself little leisure for reflection, but he gave blind way to his impetuous feelings whenever chance or choice led him to Honor's side. He did not neglect his own home; but the nurse (now housekeeper), to whose management his domestic concerns were intrusted, was far from being satisfied with the state of affairs, and spoke out her mind as she was in the habit of doing. "The motherless children were slighted. Business—if it was business that absorbed Mr. Stourton—should not swallow up home duties, and if it was gay company that attracted him, it was still less excusable." These remonstrances she did not scruple to make to Philip's face, and far from being silenced by her rebukes, let fall expressions which showed a knowledge of the attentions he paid his fair acquaintance, and inveighed bitterly against second marriages. This was sufficiently insolent, but Philip did not care to resort to the obvious remedy. Her well tried fidelity, and the anxious care with which she watched over the welfare of his children, for bade her being sent away; so her insubordination was endured, and her prate and caprices passed over as necessary evils.

There came a time, however, when Philip's vacillating purpose became fixed, though probably in an opposite direction to what the real balance of his confused feelings inclined him. On a quiet winter evening he and Honor met once again. It might be she was kinder to him than usual, or he himself more susceptible. However that might be, her beauty and the scarcely concealed favor with which she regarded him so far conquered, that before they parted he had asked her to become his wife. And on the morrow, while his mind was filled with conflicting emotions of love and remorse, Honor wrote to him, consenting. It made him very happy of course. Poor Philip Stourton.

He had taken a step, however, which seemed irrevocable, and he rushed blindly on to the end. Like a man engaged in the commission of a crime, he resolutely evaded reflection on the course he was pursuing, though he could not prevent his thoughts from playing at a distance, as it were, round the forbidden point. In incessant labor he endeavored to escape self-examination, in demoralizing himself with long evenings of delicious companionship, when conscience, which should then have stung the sharper, was laid to sleep by the all-powerful blandishments of the hour.

After a while the marriage-day was fixed, and the preparations for it were begun. The fact was whispered about, and reached the ears of Philip's housekeeper, but strangely enough that ready tongue of hers for once was mute, though her feelings were anything but placid, to judge from her stony face.

One evening, after a laughing dispute about some intended matrimonial arrangement, Honor suddenly remarked: "By the way, Philip, what was the nature of that promise you made your late wife? I have received a curious anonymous letter about you, which I suppose I ought to show you."

Philip's face grew white; he was not able to affect unconcern, the onset was so unexpected, and so deadly. He remained silent, breathing hurriedly like a man in pain.

Honor was rather startled when she observed the effects produced by her words, and said: "I am sorry, dear Philip, if I have grieved you by my question, but I have indeed received a letter containing some vague accusation or other against you. I give not the slightest credence to it, however; neither do I ask you to explain anything, if it do so would be disagreeable to you. I can trust you, Philip."

"You have trusted me, Honor, more than I deserve," said Philip; "let me look at the letter."

She handed it to him; it contained but a few words, penned, evidently, by an illiterate person, and ran thus:—"You are about to be married to Philip Stourton, I hear. You have no right to him. Ask him about the promise, the oath he took to his wife who is dead. God will visit you both."

There was no signature. Philip read it

thrice, and lingered over it, as though endeavoring to take some resolution in his own mind. He looked at Honor at last, and said:—

"Could you marry me, Honor, if you knew I had broken a promise such as the letter mentions?"

Honor trembled a little; but after a short pause, simply said:

"Well, perhaps I could, provided it were not a very bad case."

"A death-bed promise—an oath!" said Philip.

The lady was silent for a moment, and her eyes began to fill with tears.

"What have you been doing, Philip? What do you mean? Must you break an oath in marrying me?"

"I must," groaned Philip. "I promised my wife on her death-bed not to marry again. She had no right—I feel it now—to impose such a burden upon me. I had no right so to pledge myself, but I did. It is irrevocable; no one can relieve me of it."

"I will not marry a man who has perjured himself," said Honor. "You have been cruel, very cruel to tempt me so far for this. I cannot marry you now, Philip," she repeated; and covering her face with her hands, she sobbed bitterly, and left the room. Philip, too, stole away, crushed and miserable; in his own eyes, hopelessly dishonored.

Truth, loyalty, self-respect, you are but thin shades dwelling in a human breast; lightly esteemed, seemingly of little power; but when you depart, the pillars of the world seem to have fallen in, so weak and desolate are our lives without you.

If Philip had been less scrupulously honorable, if in his heart he had attached as little weight to the promise made to his wife as his recent course implied, he need not have seen his hopes fall in ruin about him as they now appeared to do. It was not that he lacked the ingenuity to avert it. It had crossed his mind, of course, to deny the vague accusation contained in that miserable scrawl, to impute malice and falsehood to the writer. Who was to know what transpired between him and his wife at such an hour? And Honor Westwood would have been a lenient judge, although in her secret heart she had believed him guilty; but when confronted with his offence, conscience reassured itself, and constrained him to admit the truth.

Philip went straight home to his study, and there sat down. By-and-by he got up hastily, unlocked a secret drawer, and drew out something which glittered in the dull light of the lamp. It was a pistol. He placed it on the table at his elbow, and turned his pale cheek and absent eyes towards the fire. Did he see faces there, as we all do occasionally, when imagination is busy and judgment in abeyance? Perhaps he did. The gentle face, if he was of his dead wife, earnest, loving, deprecating the evil deed he meditated. The faces, perchance, of his children, touched with dread and wonder, appealing to him not to leave them helpless to the scant mercy of the world. However that might be, a change came over his face before long which augured a better mind, and he put the shining loathsome weapon back.

On the morrow, though his reflections were bitter enough, the despair which had given birth to that dark thought of the previous night no longer haunted him. It was true that there was an end forever of his hopes for Honor, but now at least he could face conscience once more. He was even glad, amidst his disappointed passion and poignant sense of humiliation, that he had been prevented from completing his design. The authorship of the anonymous letter perplexed him, though his suspicions finally narrowed down upon his own housekeeper. Yet how could she have possessed herself of the secret? His wife, he felt certain, would never have communicated to her what took place at that troubled interview, but it was possible she might have overheard. He took measures to ascertain, if he could, the truth; but they were of no avail. The woman's sullen answers revealed nothing, and Philip ceased at last to question, though not to suspect her.

With stern self-discipline, Philip weaned himself from everything connected with his unfortunate passion, hoping to find, as once before he had found, in labor, solace and forgetfulness. The struggle, though sharp, was in a measure successful, and he calmed down by degrees into content. It would have been harder to him had he seen how dim the fair face of Honor grew beneath the cruel blow dealt her in her trustfulness; and had he heard the apologies she made for him to her own heart, he would most surely have been tempted back. Her sex, naturally, it may be assumed, would lead lightly with such an offence. A woman perhaps was wronged, but a woman was the gainer—and promises are but words. Honor was angry with him, it must be confessed; but rather because he faltered than because he allowed himself to be tempted. "She had no right to exact such a promise, he had no right to give it, but the fault was hers. Oh, Philip, had you urged this as some would have urged it, I think I should have forgiven you." So mused the woman he loved; and it was well for Philip he could not know.

With great civility of character, Honor never disclosed to her guardian the cause of the abrupt termination of their engagement; and he naturally attributed it to some petty quarrel originating in a difference of disposition. "You must make it up, Honor," he said more than once. "Write to Philip, and bring him back." But of course Honor never wrote, and Philip never came.

Several months had passed away, when Philip Stourton's housekeeper was taken seriously ill. Meeting the doctor after one of his visits, Philip asked how his patient progressed.

"I will not disguise from you," was the reply, "that she is in great danger. I fear she will not recover."

"I trust you are mistaken, doctor," Philip said; "I could ill afford to lose her, she has been a most faithful servant."

The same evening Philip visited the sick-

room, and perceived too plainly that he had heard the truth. A peculiar expression came over the pale hard features of the housekeeper when she observed his entrance, and there was an anxiety in her manner of replying to his inquiries which attracted his attention.

"Are we alone?" she asked.

Philip replied in the affirmative.

"I wished much to see you. I know I shall not live long," she continued; "and there is a matter nearly concerning you, of which I feel it my duty to speak—something about your late wife, my beloved mistress."

Her voice was steady, her manner resolute; but she paused, as if debating with herself whether or not to proceed. Philip asked if she referred to the letter received by Honor Westwood.

"Yes, to that, and something beside. Mark, sir, I do not confess I have done wrong. I do not believe it, and I do not repent of what I have done. But if I had lived, I should have broken silence some day, and I feel I have no right to take my secret out of the world with me. Listen; I nursed Mrs. Stourton when she was a child, and I loved her. Before she died, she called me to her, and confided to me how in the first dreadful moment when the knowledge of her fate came upon her, she had exhaled from you an oath that you would never marry again. She told me that in a calmer hour she had considered and repented of that act, but that the subject was too painful to be revived betwixt you again. She intrusted to me a letter which she had written to you, and enjoined me to deliver it to you when she was dead. That letter I never delivered."

Philip was struck dumb by the avowal; the old affection and the new hope, both starting to life at the sound of the dying woman's voice, clashed together within his heart.

The housekeeper went on: "Of second marriages I do not approve, and I do not believe they are happy ones. It was enough for me that my darling wished you not to marry again. She might wish the worst, but she could not unsway the wish, and I followed her wish. Had you not your children to console you, and was I not better to them than a stepmother could be? However, I am leaving you now, and you may work your will. I wrote the letter to Miss Westwood. I do not say forgive me for all this, for I have prayed to heaven for guidance, and my conscience does not condemn me."

"Nurse, you have acted a strange part; I might reproach you, save that you are so near to the time when you will be judged by a higher power. Where is the letter you have withheld?"

The sick woman put her hand beneath the pillow, and drew it forth. Philip took it and silently left the room.

In the silence of his study, with a beating heart, he opened the letter, which seemed in truth like a message from the dead. With difficulty he deciphered the loving, sorrowful words that his wife's dying hand had traced to free him from his fetters. Amongst many a blurred passage of tenderness and regret, there was no word of reservation; he stood fully absolved from his oath.

Men's hearts will not cease to beat with love and passion though never so faithful a friend or dear companion is spirited away from their sides. The dead are not forgotten, nor are their memories profaned because we are left, impelled by irresistible instincts, seek out in the living world those who can best compensate us for our loss. It is but selfishness, after all, that commands us to remember yet forbids us to restore, and

Set our souls to the same key  
Of the remembered harmony.

It was not long before Honor Westwood had to weigh another proposal, urged with greater earnestness and new credentials; nor was it long before the bells rang out a merry marriage peal for Philip Stourton's second nuptials.

## THE SLEEPING CHILD.

There he lay upon his back,  
The yearling creature, warm and moist with life  
To the bottom of his dimples,—to the ends  
Of the lovely tumbled curls about his face.  
For since he had been covered over-much,  
To keep him from the light glare, both his cheeks  
Were hot and scarlet as the first live rose.  
The shepherd's hand blood-ebb'd away into,  
The faster for his love. And love was here  
As instant in the pretty baby-mouth,  
Close shut as if for dreaming that it suck'd.  
The little asked feet drawn up the way  
Of noosed birdlings; everything so soft  
And tender,—to the little holdfast hands,  
Which, closing on a finger into sleep,  
Had kept the world off. —Mrs. Browning.

TWO WAYS OF FISHING.—When men go a fishing for trout, they take a light, tapering pole, with a fine silver line attached, and a sharp hook with a sweet morsel of worm on the end. They noiselessly drop the line on the water and let it float to the fish, which nibbles, and by a slight twitch is landed safely upon the bank.

But when men go fishing for souls, they tie a cable on to a stick of timber, and an anchor is the hook. On this a great chunk of bait is stuck, and with this ponderous machine grasped in both hands, they walk up and down thrashing the water, and bellowing at the top of their voices, "Bite or be damned!" —Rev. Dr. Bellows.

THE YOUNG OFFICER of the Lord Viscount school recently went to Drury Lane to see the great tragedian, Charles Kean, in "Hamlet." It was the first time he had seen that noble tragedy, and on being asked how he liked it, he said:—"How! it's a very clever play; but I think it's too full of quotations."

SOME Hibernian whitewashers recently employed to whitewash one of the grammar school houses in Lowell, so far exceeded the expectations of their employers, as to whiten the blackboards.

## SUCCESS.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

We may say that success is a hideous thing. Its counterfeit of merit deceives men. To the mass, success has almost the same appearance as supremacy. Success, that pretender to talent, has a dupe—history. Juvenal and Tacitus only reject it. In our days a philosophy which is almost an official has entered into its service, wears its livery, and waits in its antechamber. Success; that is the theory. Prosperity supposes capacity. Win in the lottery and you are an able man. The victor is venerated. To be born with a caul is everything. Have but luck, and you will have the rest; be fortunate, and you will be thought great. Beyond the five or six great exceptions, which are the wonder of their age, contemporary admiration is nothing but short-sightedness. Gilt is gold. To be a chance comer is no drawback, provided you have improved your chances. The common herd is an old Narcissus, who adores himself, and who applauds the common. That mighty genius, by which one becomes a Moses, an Aeschylus, a Dante, a Michael Angelo, or a Napoleon, the multitude assigns at once and by acclamation to whoever succeeds in his object, whatever it may be. Let a notary rise to be a deputy; let a sham Cornicille write *Troiside*; let a cunuch come into the possession of a barren; let a military Prud'homme accidentally win the decisive battle of an epoch; let an apothecary invent pasteboard soles for army shoes, and lay up, by selling this pasteboard instead of leather for the army of the Sambre-et-Meuse, four hundred thousand livres in the funds; let a pack-peddler espouse usury and bring her to bed of seven or eight millions, of which he is the father and she the mother; let a preacher become a bishop by talking through his nose; let the steward of a good house become so rich on leaving service that he is made minister of finance;—men call that Genius, just as they call the face of Mousqueton, Beauty, and the bearing of Claude, Majesty. They confound the radiance of the stars of heaven with the radiations which a duck's foot leaves in the mud.

## THE BEARD AND WESTERN PHYSIOGNOMY.

One of the brightest men we are acquainted with, on this planet, sent us a note, the other day, commencing thus:—

"A man is to be with you, to-morrow, whom you should know, if you do not—Thorpe, the 'Bee-Hunter,' the orator, wit, journalist, efficient man of business and modest politician—really a person of singular originality, sagacity and integrity; though very positive in his tastes, as you will see by what I enclose."

The enclosure was a criticism by this gentleman (Colonel T. B. Thorpe) upon one feature of Leutze's picture at the Capitol—the giving of beads to his figures of *Western men*. What he says upon the subject (in a letter to the *Times*) seems to us worth the preserving:—"The True Pioneer of the West" is the most genuinely American character we have; it is the only one, in fact, in our national development, that is free from the influences of foreign contact—and the physical appearance of the genuine Western man is unmistakable, and most harmonious with his thoughts and pursuits. Now we understand that the 'two studies' alluded to made by Mr. Leutze, are remarkable for having a profusion of hair about the face and head; if this is so, we say, unqualifiedly, that any face with a profusion of hair or beard, introduced in Mr. Leutze's picture of 'Western the star of Empire takes its way—if the actors are intended for Western men—will be incorrect and historically false, and must, therefore, mar the perfection of his design. The long beard, as an appendage to the face, is not the sign of the laborious man; it is natural to the dreamy Originals; the conquerors of the world, including the Greeks, Romans, Anglo-Saxons, and the real representatives of the American pioneer, discarded the long beard for the most natural of all reasons, it was in the way of their active pursuits. The American backwoodsman has never worn the beard. He may have, in times of uncommon excitement, allowed it to grow for a few days, but at the first favorable opportunity it was removed as a nuisance. The form and physiognomy of the Western man are as naturally the product of their stock as are the forms and expressions of the different varieties of blooded animals. The long, lank figure, sunken cheeks, straight, strong hair of the American woodsman, is inherited from progenitors, who have made, in their founding of empires, excursions, long marches, privations, starving, and meat diet, the characteristics of their lives. With such an origin, obesity, long glossy curls, waving braids, or any of the signs of luxurious civilization are impossibilities. Mr. Lincoln is a first-rate specimen of the true Western man. Mr. Clay, in our own hearing, said his soft hair did his otherwise Western appearance injustice. Parson Brownlow, one of the most genuine and perfectly American characters of this war, is another true specimen of the Western man, truly so, physically and morally; and these three men named, of the great West, represented in beards or long hair, would be simply disgusting. Since Mr. Lincoln has become President he has worn whiskers, but it was an innovation upon the custom of his life, and the traditions of his people. Let Mr. Leutze, if he would do himself and the nation justice, discard the sentimentalities of art, and paint truth." —Horn Journal.

A curious change in the comparative aristocracy of livelihoods, was in the latter half of the seventeenth century, when the English yeomanry began to yield precedence to the commercial and manufacturing classes.

Five hundred dollars reward is offered for a newspaper correspondent who corresponds with the truth.

Oh, was I dead?—

Hold you dead?—

Who'd I be?—

Charley and in the

Oh, was I dead?—

Hold you dead?—

Who'd I be?—

Charley and in the

Oh, was I dead?—

Hold you dead?—

Who'd I be?—

Charley and in the

Oh, was I dead?—

Hold you dead?—

Who'd I be?—



## THE SANCTITY OF LOVE.

I love! and Love hath given me  
Sweet thoughts to God akin,  
And opened a living Paradise  
My heart of hearts within:  
Oh, from this Eden of my life  
God keep the Serpent Sin!

I love! and into Angel land  
With starry glimpses peer!  
I drink in beauty like heaven-wine,  
When one is smiling near!  
And there's a rainbow round my soul  
For every falling tear.

Dear God in heaven! keep without stain  
My bosom's brooding dove;  
Oh, do the meet for angel arms,  
And give it place above!  
For there is nothing from the world  
I yearn to take but Love.

## THE CHANNINGS.

BY MRS. WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "DANESBURY HOUSE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," &amp;c., &amp;c.

## CHAPTER XLII.

AN OFFICIAL CEREMONY INTERRUPTED.

A gray dusky morning, enveloped in fog, succeeded to the fine night. Before 7 o'clock—a watchful and alert as boys when mischief is afoot—most of those who had been in the conspiracy were assembled and waiting round the school-room doors; generally, they could tear up at the twelfth moment. They would not have missed the sight of Charles Channing's arrival for half a crown a piece, so curious were they to see how he looked, after his flight. As it happened, it was not at any of their houses that inquiries had been made the previous night; not one of them was, to say, intimate with Charles; they were mostly older than he. Consequently, they knew nothing of the search. Tod Yorke, who did know of it, had not yet arrived: of all the king's scholars, none were marked more frequently than Master Tod.

The senior boy had gone to the head master's for the keys as usual, and now came down the cloisters clanking them in his hand. "Has Charles Channing turned up?" he called out, before he was well abreast of them.

Pierce senior choked away his inclination to laughter, while the sound of the name excited, and saucy Bywater answered:

"Where should he turn up from, Huntley? Has he been swallowed?"

"Hamish Channing came to our house last night, ages after I was in bed, saying they couldn't find him," replied Huntley. "What was in the wind last night with old Calcutt?"

The boys looked at him demurely; and Huntley, getting no reply, unlocked the school room and entered it. They remained behind, winking to each other, and waiting still for Charles. It wanted yet a few minutes to seven.

"I say, what d'ye think?" whispered Bywater. "After I had got our sheet smuggled in, all right, and was putting it on the bed, I found two big holes burnt in it. Won't there be a commotion when my old aunt finds it out? She'll row I have been reading in bed. That was you, Pierce senior?"

"I'm sure I never burnt it," retorted Pierce. "It was the flame did it, if anything."

"Here comes Bill Simms!" exclaimed Bywater, when their smothered laugh was over. "What has he been doing to himself? He's as white as the ghost!"

Mr. Bill Simms assuredly did look white. He had a pale face at the best of times, and it was embellished with straw-colored hair. But at the present moment it had turned ghastly, and his frame seemed all of a shake as he came along.

"What on earth has taken you, Simms?" demanded Hurst.

"Oh goodness!" uttered Simms. "I wish I was well out of this! They are saying there's a college boy drowned!"

"What?" cried the boys, gathering round him.

"There was a crowd down by the boat-house as I came along," responded Simms, as well as could speak for his chattering teeth. "I asked a fellow what it was, and he said he didn't rightly know, but he thought one of the college boys had been found drowned in the water."

Some of the gentlemen listeners' faces turned as pale as Mr. Bill Simms's, as pale as that conscience. Bywater was the first to utter courage.

"It's not obliged to be Charles Channing, if there is any one drowned."

"But it's sure to be him," chattered Simms, the teeth as crazy as his grammar. "Griffin junior says Arthur Channing went to their house last night at twelve, and said they couldn't find Charles."

The consternation into which this episode of news plunged the guilty ones, it is not easy to describe. A conviction that it was Charles Channing who was drowned overtook them all. School boys are not quite without hearts, and they would have given all they possessed in that moment, to see Charles come flying among them, as usual. Some of them began to wish they were without necks; for if Charles had come to an untimely end through their work, they might find a chance of furnishing employment to the veritable Mr. Calcutt on their own shore. Tod Yorke came leaping up in delight.

"Oh, wasn't it good! The young one—"

"Hold your noise, Tod! They are saying 'dead!'"

"Who's dead?" wondered Tod.

"Charles Channing. A college boy is in the river, drowned."

"Oh, that be banged!" exclaimed Tod.

half in mocking disbelief, half in awful fear.

"It can't be, you know. Who says it?"

"There's seven! We must go in, or Huntley will be on to us. Mind!" added Pierce senior, for he was the speaker, "we must all keep each other's counsel, and be in one tale—that we know nothing at all about it."

They slunk into school. But that the senior boy was occupied with his new duty—the calling over of the roll—he might have observed something was wrong. To play up a bit of mischief is the legitimate privilege of college boys; but to have led to a companion's death, is a terror-stricking affair; and their countenances betrayed that it was.

Before the roll was finished, the head master was in school. Tom Channing—was late for him—entered afterwards. The master beckoned to him.

"Is Charles found?"

"No, sir. We cannot get any tidings of him at all. We have not been to bed, any of us; and the police are searching also." Had Tom Channing come from the other side of the boundaries, near the boat-house, perhaps he might have been able to give a different account.

The master made no comment then. He motioned Tom to his desk, and gave the word for prayers. As the boys were rising from their knees, Hamish Channing entered the school, attended by Mr. Ketch.

Hamish approached the master, who shook hands with him. Ketch remained snarling and grinning defiance at the door, shaking his fist and his old teeth covertly at the boys. If looks could blow up a room, the college school had certainly gone aloft then.

"I hear you have not found the boy?" said the master to Hamish. "It is very singular."

"We have not found him. Mr. Pye," continued Hamish gravely, "I come to demand of your courtesy an immediate investigation into the doings of the college boys last evening. That the disappearance of Charles is in some measure connected with it, we cannot do otherwise than think. I have brought Ketch with me that he may tell his tale."

Ketch was marshalled forward and ordered to tell his tale, and the business of the school was suspended. Ketch told it in a distinct way enough; but he could not forbear enlarging upon his cruel disappointment over the tripe and onions, and it sent the school into convulsions. In the midst of it Tom Channing breathed freely; Ketch's preferring the complaint did away with the unpleasantness he had feared might arise, through having been forced to disclose it to the master.

"I should be sorry to get displeasure visited upon any of the boys," resumed Hamish; "indeed, I should esteem it a favor, sir, if you will not punish them for any disclosure that may arise through this step which I have taken. I dare say," he added, turning his laughing gaze upon the lot, "that I should have been one of the ring-leaders myself in my school days, therefore it would not be fair for me to bring punishment upon them. I only wish to know which of the school were in it, that I may make inquiries of them whether Charles was one, and, if he was, what they knew of his movements afterwards."

The address was fair and candid; so was Hamish's face; and some of the conspirators, in their good feeling, might have freely confessed, but for something just whispered to them by Simms. That closed their lips.

"Do you hear?" said the master, speaking sharply, for he had rather, ten times over, that the school frankly avowed mischief when brought to book; he was never half so severe. "Why are you silent?"

Bill Simms, who had the bump of conscientiousness very large, with a wholesome dread of consequences, besides being very timid, felt that he could not hold out long. "Oh, murder!" he groaned to Mark Galloway, next to whom he sat, "lets tell and have done with it."

Mark turned cold with fear. "You're a pretty fellow!" he uttered, giving him a tremendous kick on the shins, "would you like us all to be tried for our lives?" which suggestion made matters worse; and Bill Simms's hair began to stand on end.

"Huntley, have you any cognizance of this?" demanded Mr. Pye.

"None, sir." And so said the three seniors under him.

"Boys," said the master, bringing his cane down upon the desk in a manner he was accustomed to do when provoked, "I will come to the bottom of this business. That several of you were in it, I feel sure. Is there not one of you sufficiently honest to speak, when required so to do?"

Certain of the boys drooped their conscious faces and their eyelids. As to Bill Simms, he felt fit to faint.

"What have you done with Charles Channing?" thundered the master. "Where have you put him? Where is he gone? I command you to speak! Let the seniors of those who were in it speak! or the consequence be upon your own heads."

The threat sounded ominous in the ears of Bill Simms; he saw himself, in prospective, exposed to all the horrors of a dungeon, and to something worse. With a curious noise, something between a bark and a groan, he flung himself with his face on the floor, and lay there howling.

"Mr. Simms," said the master, "what has taken you? Were you the chief actor in this?"

All considerations had disappeared from Mr. Simms's mind, save the moment's terror. He forgot what would be his own position in the school, if he told, or—as they would have expressed it—turned snook. Impelled by fear, he was hardly conscious of his words, hardly responsible for them.

"It wasn't me," he howled. "They all know I didn't want the trick played upon him. I told them that it had killed a boy down by our farm, and it might kill Channing. They know it, they do!"

The master paused.

"Walk here, Simms."

Simms picked himself up from the ground and walked there. A miserable object he looked; his eyes red, his teeth shaking, his face white, and his straw hair standing on end.

The master leaned his arms upon his desk, and brought his face nearly into contact with the frightened one.

"What trick did you play upon Charles Channing?"

"'Twasn't me, sir," sobbed Simms. "I didn't want it done, I say. O-o-o-o-o-h. I didn't! I didn't!"

"What trick was played upon him?"

"It was a ghost dressed up to frighten him, and he passed through the cloisters and saw it. It wasn't me! I'll never speak again if it was me!"

"A ghost!" repeated the master in astonishment, while Ketch stretched his old neck forward, and the most intense interest was displayed by the school.

"They did it with a sheet and a blue flame," went on Simms; who, now that the ice was broken, tried to make a clean breast of it, and grew more alarmed every moment. "It wasn't me! I didn't want it done, and I never lent a hand to the dressing up. If little Channing is dead, it won't be fair to hang me."

"Who was in the plot?" was the next question of the master. And Simms enumerated them. The master, stern and grim, beckoned to the several gentlemen to walk up, and to range themselves before him.

"The lad has run some distance in his terror," observed the master aside to Hamish, as he remembered what Judith had told him the previous night. "You will see him home in the course of the day."

"I trust we may!" replied Hamish, with marked emphasis.

Bit by bit, word by word, the master drew the whole truth from the downcast lad. Pierce senior looked dogged and obstinate; he was inwardly vowing unheard-of revenge against Mr. Simms. Probably most of them were doing the same.

"I knowed it was them! I knowed it couldn't be nobody but them!" broke forth old Ketch, summarily interrupting the proceedings. "You see now, sir, what a incorrigible—"

"Silence!" said the master, raising his hand. "I can deal with this without your assistance, Ketch. Hurst, who concocted this infamous plot?"

Hurst—who was the senior of the conspirators, with regard to his position in the school, though not so old as Pierce senior—could not answer it definitely. It was concocted between them, he said; not by one more than by another.

"Did you not know that a trick, such as this, has deprived men of reason?" continued the master. "And you play it upon a young and defenceless boy! I am at a loss how to express my sense of your conduct. If any ill shall have happened to him through it, you will carry it on your consciences for ever."

Remembering what they had just heard, the boys' consciences had begun to twitch already.

"Who personated the ghost?" continued the master.

"Pierce senior." The answer came from Simms. The others would not have given it.

"I might have guessed that," was the remark of the master, who had no great love for the gentleman named. "I might have known that if there was a boy in the college school who would delight to put himself forward to trample on one younger and more sensitive than himself, it would be Pierce senior. I'll give you something to remember this work, Mr. Pierce. Yorke."

Gerald Yorke knew what he was called for. He was the tallest and strongest of all. The school knew; and a murmur of excitement went round. Pierce senior was going to be hoisted.

Only in very flagrant cases was the extreme punishment of flogging resorted to by the present master. It had been more common with his predecessor. Of course its rarity made it all the more impressive when it did come.

"Make ready," said the master to Pierce senior, unlocking his desk and taking out a birch as big as a whole beam.

Pierce turned green and white, without help from any blue flame, and slowly began to obey. There might be no resistance. The school hushed itself into suspense, and Mr. Ketch's legs were on the point of taking a dance of ecstasy. A minute or two, and the group formed the centre of the upper part of the room; Yorke supporting the great boy whose back was bare, while the daunted faces and eager eyes were strained eagerly from around. The head master took his place, and his birch was raised in the air to come down with a heavy stroke, when a commotion was heard at one of the desks, and Stephen Bywater rushed forward.

"Stop, sir!" he said to the master. "If you will let Pierce go, I will take the punishment."

The master's arm with its weapon of war dropped powerless by his side, and he turned his astonished gaze upon Bywater.

"I had more to do with planning the trick than Pierce had, sir, so it's only just that I should be the scapegoat. We fired upon Pierce to personate the ghost because he was tall and lanky. And a flogging is not much to my skin," added honest, impudent Bywater.

"No you were the planner of it, were you, Mr. Bywater?" demanded the angry master.

"In a great measure I was, sir. If I do go in for mischief, it shall not be said I let others suffer for it. Little Channing had offended me, and I wished to serve him out. But I never thought to do him harm."

In the perplexity of deciding what he ought to do, when official proceedings were interrupted in this unprecedented way, the master hesitated. What he would have done is uncertain—flogged Pierce first and Bywater afterwards, perhaps—but at that mo-

ment there occurred another interruption, and a more serious one.

Diggs, the man who lived at the boat-house, had entered the school, and was asking to speak to the head master. Catching sight of the signs of the ceremony about to be performed, he waited for no permission, but went forward at once, a college cap in his hand, and his voice trembling with excitement. His excitement was not lessened when he recognized Hamish Channing.

"I am the bearer of bad news, gentlemen," he said, addressing them both. "I fear one of the young college lads was drowned last night by our boat-house. We have picked up his cap this morning. It was poor little Master Channing."

Hamish controlled his emotion better than did Mr. Pye. The latter turned his eyes on the horrified school, himself equally horrified, and then signalled to Pierce senior to dress himself—to Bywater to retire to his place. "The affair has become serious," he observed, "and must be dealt with differently. Poor child! Poor little Channing!"

And the boys, in their emotion, broke into an echoing wail—"Poor little Channing! poor little Channing!"

## CHAPTER XLIII.

DRAGGING THE RIVER.

The wailing echoes of lamentation were dying out in the high roof of the college school. Hamish Channing, pale, but calm and self-controlled, stood perfectly ready to investigate the account brought by the boat-house keeper of the drowning of Charles.

The feelings of those who had had a hand in the work may be imagined, perhaps, but certainly cannot be described. Bill Simms choked and sobbed, and pulled his lanky straw hat, and kicked his legs about, and was altogether beside himself. The under masters looked on with stern countenances and lowering brows; while old Ketch never had such a disappointment in all his life (the one grand disappointment of the previous night's supper excepted) as he was feeling now, at the putting off of the flogging.

Diggs, the boat-house keeper, was a widower, with one child, a girl of ten years old. His mother lived with him—an aged woman, confined to her bed of late with rheumatic fever, from which she was slowly recovering. On the previous night Diggs was out, and the girl had been sent on an errand, Mrs. Diggs being left in the house alone. She was lying quietly still, as was the air outside, when sudden sounds broke that stillness and smote upon her ear. Footsteps—young steps seemed—were heard to come tearing down on the outside gravel, from the direction of the cathedral, and descend the steps. Then there was a plunge into the river, and a starting cry.

The old woman echoed the cry, but there were none to hear it, and she was powerless to aid. That a human soul was struggling in the water was certain; and she called and called, but called in vain. She was shut up in the house, unable to move; and there were none outside to hear her. In her grief and distress she at length pulled the bed clothes over her ears that she might hear no more (if it was to be heard) of the death-s agony.

Twenty minutes or so, and then the girl came in. The old woman took her head from underneath the clothes, and stated what had occurred, and the girl went and looked at the river. But it was flowing along peacefully, showing no signs of anything of the sort having happened. Not a creature was on the path on either side, so far as her eyes could reach in the moonlight, and she came to the conclusion that her grandmother must have been mistaken.

"She do have odd fancies," said the child to herself, "and thinks she hears things that nobody else never hears."

At ten o'clock Diggs came home. Now, this man had a propensity to yield to an infirmity to which many others also wickedly yielded—that of drinking too freely. It is true this did not often occur; but when it did happen, it was usually at a time when his services were especially required. It is very much the same in this world; we are apt to do things, whether good ones or bad ones, just at the wrong moment. Diggs arrived at home stupid. His old mother called him to her room, and told him what she had heard; but she could make little impression upon him. As his young daughter had done, he took a survey of the river, he taking it only from the windows of the house—the girl had gone on to the bank—and then he tumbled into bed, and slept heavily until the morning.

Up betimes, he remembered what had been told to him, and went out of doors, half expecting, possibly, to see some corpse floating on the surface.

"I was detained out last night on an errand," explained he, to some three or four stragglers who had gathered round him, "and when I got in my old mother told me a cock-and-bull story of a cry and a splash, as if somebody had fell into the river. It don't look much like it, though."

"A dead dog, maybe," suggested one of the idlers. "They be always a throwing rubbish into this river on the sly."

"Who is?" sharply asked Diggs. "They had better let me catch 'em at it!"

"Lots of folks in," was the response. "But if it was a dead dog, it couldn't well have cried out."

Diggs went in doors to his mother's chamber.

"What time was it, this tale of yours?" asked he.

"It was about half past seven," she answered. "The half hour clung out from the college just afore or just after, I forget which." And then she related again what she knew he could not clearly comprehend over night the fact of the feet-sounding footsteps, and that they appeared to be young footsteps. "If I didn't know the cloisters to be shut at that hour, I should ha' thought they come direct from the west door."

The words were interrupted by a calling from below, and the man hastened down. A boy's cap, known from its form to belong to one of the collegiate scholars, had just been found under the lower bank, lodged in the mud. Then somebody had been drowned! and it was a college boy!

Where does a crowd collect from? I don't believe anybody can tell, but that we can't see their descent, it might be supposed they dropped from the skies. Not three minutes after that trencher was picked up, the people were gathering thick and threefold, retired though the spot was; and it was at this time that Mr. Bill Simms had passed, and heard the tale, which turned his heart and his face white.

Some time given to supposition, to comments, and to other gossip indigenous to an event of the sort, and then Mr. Diggs started for the college school with the cap. Another messenger ran to the Channings's house, the name in the cap showing to whom it had belonged. Diggs related the substance of this to the master, suppressing certain little points bearing upon himself.

Mr. Pye took the cap in his hand and looked inside. The name, "C. Channing," was in Mrs. Channing's writing; and in the sprawling hand of one of the school boys—it looked like Bywater's—"Miss" had been added. Charles had scratched the addition over with strokes from a pen, but the word was distinct still.

"The river must be dragged, Diggs," said Hamish Channing.

"The drags are being got ready now, sir. They'll be in, by the time I get back."

Hamish strode to the door. Tom came up from his desk, showing some agitation, and looked at the master. "You will allow me to go, sir? I can do no good at my lessons in this suspense."

"Yes," replied the master. He was going himself.

The school rose with one accord. The under masters rose. To think of study in this excitement was futile; and, in defiance of all precedent, the boys were allowed to quit the room, and troop down to the river. It was a rare which should get there first; masters and boys ran together. The only one who walked pretty soberly was the head master. He had to uphold his dignity.

The drags were already in the river, and the banks were lined, police, friends, spectators, gentlemen, mob, and college boys jostled each other. Arthur Channing, pale and agitated, came running from his home. The old vergers and bedsmen came; some of the clergy came; Judy came; and the Dean came. Hamish, outwardly self-possessed, and giving his orders with quiet authority, was inwardly troubled as he had never been. The boy had been left to his charge, and how should he answer for this to his father and mother?

He went in and saw the old woman, as did the renowned Mr. Butterby, who had appeared with the rest. She related to them succinctly what she had heard on the previous night. "I could ha' told without having heard it now, that it was the step of a college boy," she said. "I don't listen so often to 'em that I need mistake. He seemed to be coming from the west door of the cloisters—only that the cloisters be shut at night, so he may have come from round by the front of the college. Desperate quick he ran, and leapt down the steps, and a minute after there was the splash and the cry, and the footsteps were heard no more. One might fancy that, in turning the corner to run along the towing path, he had turned too quick, with too wide a sweep, and so fell over the bank."

"Did you hear no noise afterwards?" questioned Hamish.

"Didn't. I called out, but nobody came nigh to answer it, and then I hid my ears. I was afraid, ye see."

They left the old woman's bedside, and returned to the crowd on the bank. The Dean quietly questioned Hamish about the facts, and shook his head when put into possession of them. "I fear there is little hope," he said.

"Very little. My father and mother's absence makes it the more distressing. I know not, Mr. Dean, how—"

Who was this, pushing vehemently up to the discomfited of everybody, showing the Dean with so little ceremony as he might have allowed Ketch, thrusting aside Hamish, and looking down on the river with flaming eyes, with working nostrils? Who should it be but Roland Yorke? for that was his usual way of pushing through a crowd, as you have heard before.

"Is it true?" he gasped. "Is Charles Channing in the water?" and there through the tracks of the college boys—"Tod!"

"There is little doubt of its truth, Roland," was the answer of Hamish.

Roland said no more. Off went his coat, off went his waistcoat, off went other garments, leaving him nothing but his drawers and his shirt, and in he leaped impetuously, before anybody could stop him, and floundered away in the water, looking after Charles, saying no word of his legs.

But neither drags nor Roland could find Charles. The drags were continued in use, but there was no result. Very few had expected that there would be any result, the probability being that the current had carried the body down the stream. Hamish had been home to soothe the grief of his sisters—or rather to essay at soothing it—and then he came back again.

Roland, his ardor cooled, had likewise been home to exchange his wet clothes for dry ones. This done, he was flying out again, when he came upon the Reverend William Yorke, who was hastening down to the scene in some agitation.

"Is the boy found, Roland, do you know?"

"How did it happen? Did he fall in?"

"Considering the light in which you regard the family, William Yorke, I wonder you should waste your breath to ask about it," was Roland's touchy answer, delivered with as much scorn as he could call up.

Mr. Yorke said no more, only quickened his pace towards the river. Roland kept up with him, and continued talking.

"It's a good thing all the world's not of your opinion, William Yorke! You thought to put a slight upon Constance Channing when you told her she might go along for you. It has turned out just the best luck that could have happened to her."

"Be silent, sir," said Mr. Yorke, his pale cheek flushing scarlet. "I have already told you that I will not permit you to use Miss Channing's name to me. You have nothing to do with her or with me."

"You have nothing to do with her, at any rate," cried aggravating Roland. "She'll soon be to your sisters, William Yorke."

Mr. Yorke turned his flashing eye upon him, plainly asking the explanation that he would not condescend to ask in words. It gave Roland an advantage, and he went on swimmingly with his mischief.

"Lord Carrick has seen the merits of Constance, if you have not, and—I don't mind telling it you in confidence—has resolved to make her his wife. He says she's the prettiest girl he has seen for ages."

"It is not true," said Mr. Yorke, haughtily. "Not true!" returned Roland. "You'll see whether it's true or not when she's Countess of Carrick. Lady Augusta was present when he made her the offer. He was half afraid to make it for some time, he told us, as he was getting on in years, and had gray hair. Hullo! you are turning yellow, William Yorke. She can't be anything to you! You threw her away, you know."

William Yorke, vouchsafing no reply, got away from his tormentor. He probably did look yellow; certainly he felt so. Roland indulged in a quiet laugh. He had been waiting for this opportunity ever since he became cognizant of what had taken place between the earl and Constance. The earl had made no secret of his intention and its defeat.

"I'll have some fun over it with Mr. William," had been Roland's thought.

A sudden noise. Cries and shouts on the banks of the river, and the dense crowd moved and swayed about with excitement. Mr. Yorke and Roland set off to run, each from his different point, and the cries took a distinct sound as they neared them.

"They have found the body!"

It was being laid then upon the bank. Those who could get near, tried to obtain a glimpse of it. The college boys, with white faces and terror-stricken consciences, fought for a place. Roland Yorke fought for it, the head master fought for it, I am not sure that the bishop—who had seen the commotion from his palace windows, and came up to know what it meant—did not fight for it.

A false alarm, so far as their present object was concerned. A little lad, who had been drowned more than a week before, had turned up now. He had incautiously climbed on the parapet of the bridge, whence he fell into the water, and their search for him had hitherto been fruitless. He was not a pleasant sight to look upon as he lay there; but the relief to certain of the college boys, when they found it was not Charles, was immeasurable. Bywater's spirits went up to some of their old impudence once.

"In looking for one thing, you find another," quoth he.



As soon as they have read it, five hundred questions will suggest themselves that they will wish to ask, and, to wait to have them satisfied, will be intolerable, especially to my mother. Arthur's going will obviate this. He knows as much as we know, and can impart his knowledge to them."

"There is a great deal in what you say," mused Mr. Galloway.

"I am sure there is," spoke Constance through her tears, "though it did not strike me previously. In mama's anxiety and suspense, she might start for home, to learn details."

"And I think it is what she would do," said Hamish, "if not my father also. It will be better that Arthur should go. He can tell them all they would learn if they came home, and, so far as it can be, that would be satisfactory."

They were interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Huntley and his daughter. Ellen had begged her father, when she found he was going to the Channings, to allow her to accompany him, and see Constance in her distress. Mr. Huntley readily acquiesced. The drawing of poor Charley was a serious affliction, in contemplation of which he forgot the indignity of her meeting Hamish.

Hamish did not appear to perceive any eligibility in the matter. He was the first to take Ellen's hand in his, and bend upon her his sweet smile of welcome. Knowing what Ellen did know of Mr. Huntley's sentiments, and that he was looking on, it rendered her manner confused, and her cheeks crimson. She was glad to turn to Constance, and strive to say a few words of sympathy. "Had Harry been one of those wicked, thoughtless boys to join in this ghost trick, I could never have forgiven him," she impulsively exclaimed, the hot tears running down her cheeks.

The subject under consideration was referred to Mr. Huntley, and his opinion requested more as a form of courtesy than anything. For Hamish had made up his mind upon the point. A thoroughly affectionate, dutiful son was Hamish Channing, and he believed that the tidings could be rendered more bearable to his father and mother by a messenger being sent, than they could be by any other mode of communication. The excuse that Constance and Arthur had, through out, found for Hamish in their hearts was, that he had taken the bank note, out of latent affection to Mr. and Mrs. Channing.

"You are wrong, every one of you," said Mr. Huntley, when he had listened to what they had to say. "You must send neither letter nor messenger. It will not do."

Hamish looked at him.

"Then what can we send, sir?"

"Don't send at all."

"Not send at all!" repeated Hamish.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Huntley. "You have no positive proof yet that the child is dead. It will be alarming them unnecessarily."

"Mr. Huntley!" uttered Constance. "Is it possible that you see grounds for hope?"

"Honestly to confess it, my dear, I do not see much ground for hope," he replied. "But, on the other hand, there are no positive grounds for despair. So long as you have not those grounds furnished, I say, keep it from Mr. and Mrs. Channing. Answer me one thing. What good could it serve, the telling them?"

"Is it not a duty?"

"I do not see it," said Mr. Huntley. "Were the poor boy a late known, beyond uncertainty, it would be a different matter. If you send and tell them all there is to tell, what would come of it? The very suspense, the doubt, would have a bad effect. It might bring Mr. Channing home, and the good, already effected, might be driven back again—his time, his purse, his hopes, that he has given to the journey, wasted. Allowing that he still remained, the news might check his cure. No, my strong advice to you is, but for them, for the present, to remain in ignorance."

Hamish began to think that Mr. Huntley might be right.

"I know I am right," said Mr. Huntley. "If the putting them in possession of the facts could be productive of any benefit to themselves, to you, or to Charles, I'd go off myself with Arthur this hour. But it could effect nothing, and, to tell them, it might result in ill. Until we know something more certain of ourselves, let us keep it from them."

"Yes, I see it," said Hamish warmly. "It will be so."

Constance felt her arm touched, and colored with emotion when she found it was done by the Reverend Mr. York. In this day of distress, people seemed to come in and go out without ceremony. Mr. York had entered with Tom Channing. He entirely took up the new view of the matter, and strongly advised that it should not be allowed to reach Mr. and Mrs. Channing.

Mr. Galloway, when he was departing, beckoned Constance into the hall. It was only to give her a private word of friendly sympathy, of advice—not to be overwhelmed, to cling to hope. She thanked him, but it was with an aching heart, for Constance could not feel this hope.

"Will you grant me the favor of a minute's private interview?" asked Mr. York, still, meeting her in the hall.

Constance hesitated for a moment. He was asking what she felt he had no right to ask. She colored, bowed, and stepped towards the drawing-room. Mr. York threw open the door for her, and followed her in.

Then he became agitated. Whatever his pride or his temper may have been, whether the parting between them was his fault or Constance's, it was certain that he loved her with an enduring love. Until that morning he had never contemplated losing Constance; he had surely looked forward to some indefinite future when she should be his, and the words spoken by Roland had well nigh driven him mad. Which was precisely what Mr. Roland hoped they would do.

"I would not speak to you on this day, when you are in distress, when you may

deem it an unfitting time for me to speak," he began, "but I cannot live in this suspense. Let me confess to what brought me here was to obtain this interview with you, quite as much as this other unhappy business. You will forgive my speaking to-day."

"Mr. York, I do not know what you can have to speak of," she answered, with dignity. "My distress is great, but I can bear what you wish to say."

"I heard—I heard!" he spoke with emotion, and went plunging abruptly into his subject—"I heard this morning that Lord Carrick was soliciting you to become his wife."

Constance could have laughed, but for her own distress, agitated though he was.

"Well, sir?" she coldly said, in a little spirit of mischief.

"Constance, you cannot do it," he passionately retorted. "You cannot so perjure yourself."

"Mr. York! have you the right to tell me I shall or shall not marry Lord Carrick?"

"You can't do it, Constance!" he repeated, laying his hand upon her shoulder, and speaking hoarsely. "You know that your whole affection was given to me! It is mine still. I feel it is. You have not transferred it to another in this short time. You do not love and forget so lightly."

"Is this all you have to say to me?"

"No, it is not all," he answered, with emotion. "I want you to be my wife, Constance, not his. I want you to forget this miserable estrangement that has come between us, and come home to me at Hazledon."

"Listen, Mr. York," she said; but it was with the utmost difficulty she retained her indifferent manner, and kept her tears from falling; she would have liked to be taken to his sheltering arms, never to have quitted them. "The cause which led to our parting was that suspicion that fell upon Arthur, coupled with something that you were not pleased with in my own manner, relating to it. That suspicion is upon him still, and my course of conduct would be precisely the same were it to come over again. I am sorry you should have reaped up this matter, for it can only end as it did before."

"Will you not marry me?" he resumed.

"No. So long as circumstances look dark on my brother."

"Constance! that may be for ever."

"Yes," she sadly answered, knowing what she did know; "they may never be brighter than they are now. Were I tempted to become your wife, you might reproach me afterwards for yielding you to disgrace; and that, I think, would kill me. I beg you not to speak of this again."

"And you refuse me for Lord Carrick?"

"You will go and marry him?" exclaimed Mr. York, struggling between reproach, affection, and temper.

"You must allow me to repeat that you have no right to question me," she said, moving to the door. "When our engagement was forfeited, that right was forfeited with it."

She opened the door to quit the room. Mr. York might have wished further to detain her, but Judy came bustling up.

"Lady Augusta's here, Miss Constance."

Lady Augusta's here, Miss Constance in the hall, seizing both her hands.

"I had a bad headache, and lay in bed, and never heard of it till an hour ago," she uttered, with the same sort of impulsive kindness that sometimes actuated Roland. "Is it true that he is drowned? Is it true Tom was in it?—Gerald says he was. William, are you here?"

Constance took Lady Augusta into the general sitting room, into the presence of the rest of her guests. Lady Augusta asked a hundred questions, at the least, and they made her acquainted with the different points, so far as they were cognizant of them. She declared that Tom should be kept upon bread and water for a week, and she would go to the school and request Mr. Pyle to flag him. She overwhelmed Constance with kindness, wishing she and Annabel would come to her house and remain entirely for a few days. Constance thanked her, and found some difficulty in being allowed to refuse.

"Here is his exercise book," observed Constance, the tears filling her eyes; "here is the very place where he had his pen. Every other minute I think it can't be true that he is gone—that it must be all a dream."

Lady Augusta took up the pen and kissed it. It was her way of showing sympathy.

Mr. Huntley smiled. "Where's William gone?" asked Lady Augusta.

The Reverend William York had quitted the house, shaking the dust from his shoes, in anger, as he crossed the threshold. Anger as much as himself, for having ever given her up, as at Constance Channing; and still most at the Right Honorable the Earl of Carrick!

#### CHAPTER XLV.

MR. JENKINS IN A DILEMMA.

I don't know what you will say to me for introducing you into the privacy of Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins's bed chamber, but it is really necessary. We cannot very well get along without it."

A conjugal dispute had occurred that morning when Mrs. Jenkins got up. She was an early riser, as was Jenkins also, in a general way; but since his illness, he had barely contrived to get down in time for breakfast. On this morning—which was not the one following the application of mustard to his chest, but one about a week subsequent to that medicinal operation—Mrs. Jenkins, upon preparing to descend, peremptorily ordered him to remain in bed. Nothing need be recorded of the past week, save two facts. Charles Channing had not been discovered, either in life or in death; and the Earl of Carrick had terminated his visit and left Hazledon.

"I'll bring your breakfast up," said Mrs. Jenkins.

"It is of no use to say that," Jenkins ventured meekly to remonstrate. "You know I must get up."

"I say you shall not get up. Here you are, growing weaker and worse every day, and yet you won't take care of yourself! Where's the use of your taking a bottle of day of cough mixture—where's the use of your making the market scarce of cod-liver oil—where's the use of wasting good mustard, if it's all to do you no good? Does it do you any good?"

"I am afraid it has not, as yet," confessed Jenkins.

"And never will, so long as you give your body and brain no rest. Out you go by nine o'clock, in all weathers, ill or well, and there you are at your business till evening; stooping yourself double over the writing, dancing about on errands, wearing out your lungs with answering callers! There's no common sense in it."

"But, my dear, the office must be attended to," said Jenkins, with much deference.

"There's no 'must' in the case, as far as you are concerned. If I say you shall not go to it, why, you shan't. What's the office, pray, in comparison with a man's life?"

"But I am not so ill as to remain away. I can go yet, and do my work."

"You'd be for going if you were in your coffin, you would?" was Mrs. Jenkins's wrathful answer. "Could you do any good then, pray?"

"But I am not in my coffin," mildly suggested Jenkins.

"Don't I say you'd be for going if you were?" reiterated Mrs. Jenkins, who sometimes, in her heat, lost sight of the precise point under dispute. "You know you would; you know there's nothing in the whole world that you think of, but that office! Office—office—office, it is with you from morning till night. When you are in your coffin, through it, you'll be satisfied."

"But it is my duty to go as long as I can, my dear."

"It's my duty to do a many things that I don't do!" was the answer; "and one of my duties which I haven't done yet, is to keep you in-doors for a bit, and nurse you up. I shall begin to-morrow, and see if I can't get you well in that way."

"But—"

"Hold your tongue, Jenkins. I never say a thing but you are sure to put in a 'but.' You lie in bed this morning—do you hear?"—and Mr. Jenkins quitted the room with the last order, and that ended the discussion. Had Jenkins been a free agent—free from business obligations—he had been only too glad to obey her. In his present state of health the work of the office had become almost too much for him; it was with difficulty that he went to it and did his duty there. Even the walk, short as it was, in the early morning, was nearly beyond his strength; even the rising betimes was beginning to tell upon him. And though he had little hope that nursing himself up in-doors would prove of essential service, he felt that the rest it brought would be to him an inestimable boon.

But Jenkins was one who thought of duty before he thought of himself, and, therefore, to remain away from the office, if he could drag himself to it, appeared to him little less than a sin. He was paid for his time and services—fairly paid—liberally paid, some might have said—and they belonged to his master. But it was not so much from this point of view that Jenkins regarded the necessity of going—conscientious though he was—as at the thought of what the office would do without him, there being nobody to replace him but Roland York. Jenkins knew what he was, and so he went.

To be in bed, or remain in-doors, under these circumstances, Jenkins felt to be impossible; and when his watch gave him warning that the breakfast hour was approaching, up he got. Behold him sitting on the side of the bed, essaying to dress himself—*essaying* to do it. Never had Jenkins felt feebler and weaker, or less able to cope with his increasing illness, than on this morning; and when Mrs. Jenkins dashed in—for her quick eyes had caught, down stairs, the sounds of his stirring—he sat there still, stockings in hand, unable to help himself.

"So you were going to trick me, were you? Are you not ashamed of yourself, Jenkins?"

Jenkins gasped twice before he could reply. A giddiness seemed to be stealing over him, as it had done that other evening, underneath the elm trees. "My dear, it is of no use your talking. I must go to the office," he gasped out.

"You shan't go—if I lock you up! There!"

Jenkins was spared the trouble of a reply. The giddiness had increased to faintness, his sight left him, and he fell back on the bed in a state of unconsciousness. Mrs. Jenkins rather regarded it as a triumph. She pushed him into bed, and tucked him up.

"This comes of your attempting to disobey me," said she, when he came round again. "I wonder what would become of you, poor, soft mortals of men, if you were let have your own way! There's no office for you to-day, Jenkins!"

Very peremptorily spoke she. But, lest he should attempt the same again, she determined to put it out of his power. Opening a closet, she thrust every article of his clothing into it, leaving him so much as a waistcoat, turned the key, and put it in her pocket, poor Jenkins watching her with despairing eyes, and not venturing to remonstrate.

"There," said she, speaking amiably in her gloom of satisfaction, "you can go to the office now, if you like. I'll not stop you; but you will have to march through the streets leaving your clothes in that closet!"

Under these difficulties Jenkins did not entirely see his way clear to get there. Mrs. Jenkins went instead, catching Mr. Roland York just upon his arrival.

"What's up, that Jenkins is not here?"

Jenkins is not in a fit state to get out of his bed, and I have come to tell Mr. Galloway so," replied she.

Roland York's face grew to twice its usual length at the news. "I say, though, that will never do, Mrs. Jenkins! What's to become of this office?"

"The office must do the best it can without him. He's not coming to it."

"I can't manage it," said Roland, in considerable consternation. "I should go dead, if I had to do Jenkins's work, and my own as well."

"He'll go dead, unless he takes some rest in time, and gets a little good nursing. I should like to know how I am to nurse him, if he's down here all day!"

"That's not the question," returned Roland, feeling uncommonly blank. "The question is, how the office, and I, and Galloway are to get along without him! Couldn't he come in a sedan?"

"Yes, he can; if he likes to come without his clothes," retorted Mrs. Jenkins. "I have taken care to lock them up."

"Locked his clothes up?" repeated Roland, in wonder. "What's that for?"

"Because, as long as he has got a bit of life in him, he'll use it to drag himself down here," answered Mrs. Jenkins, tartly. "That's why. He was getting up to come this morning, defying me, and every word I said to him against it, when he fell down on the bed in a fainting fit. I thought it time to lock his things up then."

"Upon my word, I don't know what's to be done," resumed Roland, growing quite hot with dismay and perplexity at the prospect of some extra work for himself. "Look here!" exhibiting the parchments on Jenkins's desk, all so neatly left—here's an array! Jenkins did not intend to stay away, when he left those last night, I know."

"He intends to stay away! catch him thinking of it!" retorted Mrs. Jenkins. "It is as if I have just told him—that he'd come in his coffin. And it's my firm belief that if he knew a week's holiday would save him from his coffin, he'd not take it, unless I was at his back to make him. It's well he has got somebody to look after him that's not quite deficient of common sense!"

"Well, this is a plague!" grumbled Roland.

"So it is—for me, I know, if for nobody else," was Mrs. Jenkins's reply. "But there's some plague in the world that we must put up with, and make the best of, whether we like 'em or not; and this is one. You'll tell Mr. Galloway, please; it will save me waiting."

However, as Mrs. Jenkins was departing, she encountered Mr. Galloway, and told him herself. He was both vexed and grieved to hear it; grieved on Jenkins's score, vexed on his own. That Jenkins was growing very ill, he believed from his own observation, and it could not have happened at a more untoward time. Involuntarily, Mr. Galloway's thoughts turned to Arthur Channing, and he wished he had him in the office still.

"You must turn over a new leaf from this very hour, Roland York," he observed to that gentleman, when he entered. "We must both of us buckle up, if we are to get through the work."

"It's not possible, sir, that I can do Jenkins's share and mine," said Roland.

"If you only do Jenkins's, I'll do yours," replied Mr. Galloway, significantly. "Understand me, Roland; I shall expect you to show yourself equal to this emergency. Put aside frivolity and idleness, and apply your self in earnest. Jenkins has been in the habit of taking part of your work upon himself, like I believe no clerk living would have done; and, in return, you must now take his. I hope in a few days he may be with us again. Poor fellow, we shall find his loss!"

Mr. Galloway had to go out in the course of the morning, and Roland was left alone to the cares and work of the office. It occurred to him that, as a preliminary step, he could do better than put the window open, that the sight of people passing (especially any of his acquaintance with whom he might exchange greetings) should cheer him on at his hard work. Accordingly, he threw it up to its utmost extent, and went on with his writing, giving alternately one look to his task, and two to the street. Not many minutes had he been thus spurring on his industry, when he saw Arthur Channing pass.

"Hut—hut—hut!" called out Roland, by way of attracting his attention. "Come in, old fellow, will you? Here's such a game!"

#### CHAPTER XLV.

A NEW SUSPICION.

Arthur Channing was walking leisurely down Close street. His time hung heavily upon his hands. In quitting the cathedral after morning service he had joined Mr. Harper, the lay clerk, and went with him, talking, towards the town; partly because he had nothing to do elsewhere—partly because out of doors appeared more desirable than home. In the uncertain state of suspense they were kept in respecting Charles, the minds of all, from Hamish down to Annabel, were in a constant state of unrest. When they rose in the morning the first thought was—"Shall we hear of Charles to-day?"

When they retired at bedtime, it was—"What may not the river give up this night?"

It appeared to themselves that they were continually expecting tidings of some sort or other; and with this expectation hope would sometimes be mingled. Hope! where could it spring from? Too only faint suspicion of it, indulged at first, that Charley had been rescued in some providential manner, and conveyed to a house of shelter, had had time to die out. A few houses there were, half-concealed near the river, like there are near most other rivers of traffic, where the police trusted just as far as they could see, and whose inmates did not boast of shining reputations; but the police had overhauled these thoroughly, and found no trace of Charley. Nor was it likely that they would conceal a child. So long as Charles's positive fate remained a mystery, suspense could not cease; and with this suspense there did mingle some faint glimmer of hope. Suspense urges to

exertion; inaction is intolerable to it. Hamish, Arthur, Tom, all would rather be out of doors now than in; there might be something to be heard of, some information to be met, and the looking after it was better than the staying at home to wait for it. No wonder, then, that Arthur Channing's steps would bend of their own accord towards the town, when he left the cathedral morning and afternoon.

In passing Mr. Galloway's office, the window of which stood wide open, Arthur had found himself called to by Roland York.

"What is it?" he asked, halting at the window.

"You are the very chap I wanted to see," cried out Roland. "Come in! Don't be afraid of meeting Galloway; he's off somewhere."

The prospect of meeting Mr. Galloway would not have prevented Arthur from entering. He was conscious of no wrong, and he did not shrink as though he had committed it. He went in, and Mr. Harper proceeded on his way.

"Here's a go!" was Roland's salutation. "Jenkins is laid up."

"It was nothing but what Arthur had expected. He, like Mr. Galloway, had observed Jenkins growing ill and more ill."

"How shall you manage without him?" asked Arthur; Mr. Galloway's dilemma being the first thing that occurred to his mind.

"Do you know?" answered Roland, who was in an explosive temper; "I don't. If Galloway thinks to put it all upon my back, it's a scandalous shame! I never could do it, or the half of it. Jenkins worked like a horse when we were busy. He'd hang his head down over his desk, and never lift it for two hours at a stretch—you know he would not. Fancy my doing that! I should get brain fever before a week was out."

Arthur smiled at this.

"Is Jenkins much worse?" he inquired.

"I don't believe he's worse at all," returned Roland, tartly. "He'd have come this morning as usual, fast enough, only she locked up his clothes."

"Who?" said Arthur, in surprise.

"She. That agreeable lady who has the felicity of owning Jenkins. She was here this morning as large as life, giving an account of her doings, without a blush. She looked up his things, she says, to keep him in bed. I'd trick her, I know, were I Jenkins. I'd put on her flounces, but what I'd come out if I wanted to. Rather strange they'd be for him."

"I shall go, Roland. My being here only hinders you."

"As if that made any difference worth counting! Look here!—piles and piles of parchment! I and Galloway could never get through them, hindered or not hindered. I am not going to work over hours! I won't kill myself with labor! There's Port Natal, thank goodness, if the screw does get put upon me too much!"

Arthur made no reply. It made little difference to Roland; whether encouraged or not, talk he would.

"I have heard of folks being worked beyond their strength; and that will be my case if one may judge by present appearances. It's too bad of Jenkins!"

Arthur spoke up; he did not like to hear blame, even from Roland York, cast upon hard-working, patient Jenkins.

"You should not say it, Roland. It is not Jenkins's fault."

"It is his fault. What does he have such a wife for? She keeps Jenkins under her thumb, just as Galloway keeps me. She locked up his clothes, and then told him he might come here without them, if he liked; my belief is, she'll be sending him so, some day—Jenkins ought to put her down. He's big enough."

"He would be sure to come here, if he were equal to it," said Arthur.

"He! Of course he would!" angrily retorted Roland. "He'd crawl here on all fours, but what he'd come, only she won't let him. She knows it, too. She said this morning that he'd come when he was in his coffin. I should not like to see it arrive!"

Arthur had been casting a glance at the papers. They were unusually numerous, and he began to think with Roland—that he and Mr. Galloway would not be able to get through them unaided. Most certainly they would not, at Roland's present rate of work.

"It is a pity you are not a quick copyist," he said.

"I dare say it is!" sarcastically rejoined Roland, beginning to play at ball with the wafer-box. "I never was made for work; and if—"

"You will have to do it, though, sir," thundered Mr. Galloway, who had come up, and was enjoying a survey of affairs through the open window.

Mr. Roland, somewhat taken to, dropped his head and the wafer-box together, and went on with his writing as meekly as poor Jenkins could have done; and Mr. Galloway entered.

"Good-day," said he to Arthur, shortly enough.

"Good-day, sir," was the response.

Mr. Galloway turned to his idle clerk.

"Roland York, you must either work, or say you will not. There is no time for playing and fooling; no time, sir, do you hear? Who put that window stark staring open?"

"I did, sir," said incoercible Roland. "I thought the office might be a little better for a little air, when there was so much to do in it."

Mr. Galloway shut it with a bang. Arthur, who would not leave without some attempt at a passing courtesy, let it be ever so slight, made a remark to Mr. Galloway that he was sorry to hear Jenkins was worse.

"He is so much worse," was the response of Mr. Galloway, sp ken sharply, for the edification of Roland York, that "I doubt whether he will ever enter this room again. Yes, sir, you may look; but it is the truth."

Roland did look, looked with considerable consternation.

"How on earth will the work get done, then?" he uttered.

With all his grumbling, he had not contemplated Jenkins being away more than a day or two.

"I do not know how it will get done, considering that the clerk upon whom I have to depend is Roland York," answered Mr. Galloway, with severity. "One thing appears pretty evident, that Jenkins will not be able to help to do it."

Mr. Galloway, more perplexed at the news brought by Mrs. Jenkins than he had let appear (for, although he chose to make a show of depending upon Roland, he knew how much dependence there was in reality to be placed upon him—none better), had deemed it advisable to see Jenkins personally, and judge for himself of his state of health. Accordingly, he proceeded thither, and arrived at an inopportune moment for his hopes. Jenkins was just recovering from a second fainting fit, and he appeared altogether so ill, so debilitated, that Mr. Galloway was struck with dismay. There would be no more work from Jenkins—as he believed—for him. He mentioned this now in his own office, and Roland received it with blank consternation.

An impulse came to Arthur, and he spoke upon it.

"If I can do you any good, sir, in this emergency, you have only to command me."

"What sort of good?" asked Mr. Galloway.

Arthur pointed to the parchments.

"I could draw out these deeds, and any others that may follow them. My time is



note than Arthur Channing. But, of course, my opinion goes for nothing."

"You are bold, young man."

"I fear it is my nature to be so, sir," cried free Roland. "If it ever should turn up how the note went, you'll be sorry, no doubt, for having visited it upon Arthur. Mr. Channing will be sorry; the precious magistrates will be sorry; that blessed dea, that wanted to turn him from the college, will be sorry; not a soul of them but believes him guilty; and I hope they'll be brought to repentance for it in sackcloth and ashes."

"Go on with your work," said Mr. Galloway, angrily.

Roland made a show of obeying; but his tongue was like a steam-engine: once set going, it couldn't readily be stopped; and he presently looked up again.

"I am not uncharitable; at least, to individuals. I always said the post-office helped itself to the note, and I'd lay half-half-crown upon it. But there are people in the town who think it could only have gone in another way. You'd go into a passion with me, sir, perhaps, if I mentioned it."

Mr. Galloway—it has been before mentioned that he possessed an unbounded amount of curiosity, and also a propensity to gossip—so far forgot the force of good example as to ask Roland what he meant. Roland wanted no better encouragement.

"Well, sir, there are people who, weighing well all the probabilities of the case, have come to the conclusion that the note could only have been abstracted from the letter by the person to whom it was addressed. None but he broke the seal of it."

"Do you allude to my cousin, Mr. Robert Galloway?" ejaculated Mr. Galloway as soon as indignation and breath allowed him to speak.

"Others do," said Roland. "I say it was the post-office."

"How dare you repeat so insolent a suspicion to my face, Roland York?"

"I said I should catch it!" cried Roland, speaking partly to himself. "I am sure to get in for it, one way or another, do what I will. It's not my fault, sir, if I have heard it spoken in the town."

"Apply yourself to your work, sir, and hold your tongue. If you say another word, Roland York, I shall feel inclined also to turn you away, as one idle and incorrigible, of whom nothing can be made."

"Wouldn't it be a jovial excuse for Port Natal?" exclaimed Roland, but not in the hearing of his master, who had gone into his own room in much wrath. Roland laughed aloud; there was nothing he enjoyed so much as to be in opposition to Mr. Galloway; it had been better for the advancement of that gentleman's work, had he habitually kept a tighter reign over his pupil. It was perfectly true, however, that the new phase of suspicion, regarding the loss of the note, had been spoken in the town, and Roland only repeated what he had heard.

Apparently, Mr. Galloway did not like this gratuitous suggestion. He presently came back again. A paper was in his hand, and he began comparing it with one on Roland's desk.

"Where did you hear that unjustifiable piece of scandal?" he inquired, as he was doing it.

"The first person I heard speak of it was my mother, sir. She came home one day from calling upon people, and said she had heard it somewhere. And it was talked of at Knivett's last night. He had a bachelor's party, and the subject was brought up. Some of us ridiculed the notion; others thought it might have grounds."

"And pray, which did you favor?" sarcastically asked Mr. Galloway.

"I said then, as I have said all along, that there was nobody to stir for it but the post-office. If you ask me, sir, who first set the notion about in the town, I cannot satisfy you. All I know is, the rumor is circulating."

"If I could discover the primary author of it, I would take legal steps to punish him, sir," said Mr. Galloway.

"I'd help," said undaunted Roland. "Some fun might arise out of that."

Mr. Galloway carried the probate of a will to his room, and sat down to examine it. But his thoughts were elsewhere. This suspicion, mentioned by Roland York, had had hold of his mind most unpleasantly, in spite of his show of indignation before Roland. He had no cause to deem his cousin otherwise than honest; it was next to impossible to suppose he could be guilty of playing him such a trick; but somehow Mr. Galloway could not feel so sure upon the point as he would have wished. His cousin was a needy man—one who had made ducks and drakes of his own property, and was for ever appealing to Mr. Galloway for assistance. Mr. Galloway did not shut his eyes to the fact that, if this should have been the case, Robert Galloway had had forty pounds from him instead of twenty—a great help to a man at his wife's end for money.

He had forwarded a second £20 note, upon receiving information of the loss of the first.

What he most disliked, looking at it from this point of view, was not the feeling that he had been cleverly deceived and laughed at, but that Arthur Channing should have suffered unjustly. If he had been innocent, why, how cruel had been his own conduct towards him! But with these doubts came back the remembrance of Arthur's unsatisfactory behavior with respect to the loss; his denial; his apparent guilt; his strange shrinking from investigation. Busy as Mr. Galloway was, that day, he could not confide his thoughts to his business; he would willingly have given another £20 note out of his pocket to know, beyond doubt, whether or not Arthur was guilty.

Arthur, meanwhile, had commenced his task. He took possession of the study, where he was secure from interruption, and applied himself diligently to it. How still the house seemed! How still it had seemed since the loss of Charles! Even Annabel and Tom were wont to hush their voices; ever listening, as it were, for tidings to be brought of him. Save the two servants, Arthur was

alone in it. Hamish was abroad, at his office; Constance and Annabel were at Lady Augusta's; Tom was in the school; and Charles was not. Judith's voice would be heard now and then, rising from the kitchen regions, in direction or reproach to Sarah; but there was no other sound. Arthur thought of the old days when the sun had shone, when he was free and upright in the sight of men; when Constance was happy in her future prospects of wedded life; when Tom looked forth certainly to the seniorship; when Charles's sweet voice and sweeter face might be seen and heard; when Hamish—oh, bitter thought of all—when Hamish had not fallen from his pedestal. It had all changed—changed to darkness and to gloom; and Arthur may be pardoned for feeling gloomy with it. But, in the very midst of this gloom, there arose suddenly, without effort of his, certain words spoken by the consoling singer of Israel; and Arthur knew that he had but to trust them:—

"For his wrath endureth but the twinkling of an eye, and in his pleasure is life; heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

## NEWS ITEMS.

GEN. BUELL, with 60,000 troops, is reported at Guntown, in hot pursuit of Gen. Polk. Railroad bridges between Corinth and Grand Junction are being repaired. Corinth is being made habitable for 6,000 of our troops, to be stationed there. Twenty thousand men under Gen. McClelland and Wallace are at Purdy.

OFFICE SEENERS WANTED.—New London, Conn., is a city in which the office of Mayor does not pay, as it usually costs about \$1,000 more than the regular salary. Consequently, at a recent caucus in that city, about a dozen candidates were nominated, who, being present, immediately rose and declined. Finally, they nominated Courtland Starr, who, being absent, could not decline, and the meeting immediately adjourned, for fear he would come in and do so.

A NEW NAME.—The Nashville Union calls the rebel league "The Great Southern Skedaddlers."

GEN. FREMONT established his headquarters at Port Republic on the 9th. In the action of the previous day, our loss was about 125 killed and 500 wounded. The enemy confined his retreat, leaving 300 dead on the field. Our troops continued pursuing Jackson.

CAPT. BONAPARTE PATTERSON is in high favor with the Emperor. His name is mentioned in connection with the throne or presidency of Mexico.

THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE.—Mrs. Lincoln is now in the daily habit of visiting the hospitals in the District, which are full of overflowing with our suffering soldiers. Kind words, beautiful flowers, and creature comforts she dispenses with liberality, and many a poor soldier has returned her kindness with his heartfelt blessing.—*Cor. Journal of Commerce.*

The citizens of Nashville, to the number of 2,000, reported themselves, armed and equipped, to the Provost Marshal, the evening of the 10th, to prevent the destruction of property by the mob, which it seems they feared more than the Unionists.

THE NAVY DEPARTMENT has advised that the Confederates have lately purchased in England two of the fastest steamers there built, under guarantee as to speed, and have put them in commission as privateers, with a view to intercept and capture our Panama steamers returning with California treasure.—*N. Y. Express.*

EMIGRATION TO THE WEST.—Emigration from all parts of the East is now flooding the plains. From Nebraska, Kansas, Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, Minnesota, and Wisconsin, a continual stream of fortune-hunters and Western home-seekers is pouring up the Platte. Their destination is about equally divided between Colorado, California, and Wabash, and the Salmon river, the smaller number being bound for the latter place.—*Colorado Republican.*

ELECTRICITY IN WAR.—The Courier du Havre has the following:—"An inhabitant of La Rochelle, after ten years' research, has discovered a new application of the electric power, by which the whole broadside of a man-of-war can be instantaneously concentrated upon a given point. No iron-plating or shield, however thick, would be able to resist a converging fire of the kind. The inventor has communicated his discovery to the Emperor, and has received from his Majesty a flattering letter, accompanied by the Cross of the Legion of Honor."

THE NAVY OF THE MISSISSIPPI river will soon number about 100 war vessels, consisting of iron-hulls, mortar-boats and rams.

A VERY PROUD "PROSE" black iron-plating or shield, however thick, would be able to resist a converging fire of the kind. The inventor has communicated his discovery to the Emperor, and has received from his Majesty a flattering letter, accompanied by the Cross of the Legion of Honor."

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## THE DANISH GOVERNMENT OFFERS TO TAKE OUR LIBERATED NEGROES.

Col. Raastoff, Charge d'Affaires of Denmark, has addressed a letter to the Secretary of State upon the advantages offered by the Island of St. Croix for the employment of persons of this country of African extraction, and negroes found on board vessels captured by our cruisers. The island, he says, has been checked in progress for want of manual labor, and he invites the United States to enter into a convention whereby the contemplated emigration may be placed under the protection and guarantee of the two Governments. The Governor of the Danish West Indies has also appointed a special agent, who has arrived in this country, to make the necessary arrangements. Free transportation is offered to all who will engage to labor on the sugar plantations for three years, at the same compensation as is given to the native population. Recaptured Africans, being sent to St. Croix, must, however, undergo apprenticeship. Secretary Seward, in replying, says he is not authorized to accept the proposition at this time for a convention. The disposition of recaptured Africans is now provided for by law. It is probable, however, that Congress may be disposed to modify the existing legislation upon the subject as to meet the wishes of the Danish Government. He has submitted copies of the correspondence to the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee in each House of Congress.

Col. Raastoff, in response, says the plan he had furnished would be entirely satisfactory to a Christian and humane point of view, and would, moreover, relieve the United States from a great moral responsibility, and from the very large expense which, if he was correctly informed, is connected with the present arrangements for the transfer of the recaptured Africans to the republic of Liberia.

THE YOUNG LADY WHO DECLINED BEING MARRIED.—The *Amsterdamer*, a journal, from its title might be expected to be scrupulous on the score of veracity, tells the following story, which although in any case it would not be prosecuted as "false news," and may possibly not be true, is good, at least, as a satire upon the system of match making in France. A rich young merchant having met a young lady at an evening party, who pleased him, asked her hand of her father, without saying a word to her. The papa, having satisfied himself that the proposed son-in-law was eligible, gave his consent, and informed his daughter that he had found a husband for her, that she must order the wedding dress immediately, and that she would be married in a week. "Very well, papa; but when I am to be married?" "Oh, a friend of mine, he has gone into the country on business; but you will see him on Sunday." "And the wedding is to be on Monday, papa?" "It's all right, don't make yourself uneasy." On Monday last, May 3, the wedding party appeared before the Mayor of one of the arrondissements of Paris, to celebrate the civil marriage, which is alone the essential legal contract in France. On the Mayor putting the usual question, "Do you consent to take this man to be your wedded husband?" the girl answered, "Why, tell me the truth, M. Mayor, you are the first person who ever asked me that question." "Well, what do you say?" "Well, if I had been asked before, I should doubtless have said perhaps; but under present circumstances, my answer is, no." The Mayor at once left his chair, and the matter stands over for further consideration.

IMPORTANT MOTION IN CONGRESS RELATIVE TO MR. BENJAMIN WOOD.—On the 11th, Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, rose to a question of privilege, and submitted the following resolution, which was read at the Clerk's table:

Whereas, information has been received by the government that Hon. Benjamin Wood, a representative in Congress from the State of New York, and a member of this House, has been engaged in communicating, or attempting to communicate, important intelligence to the Confederate rebels in arms against the government of the United States, be it therefore

Resolved, That the Committee on the Judiciary be instructed to inquire into the alleged conduct of the said Benjamin Wood in the premises, and to that end the said committee be authorized to send for persons and papers, and examine witnesses under oath, and report to the House.

Mr. Wood said:—I hope the resolution will be adopted and the committee appointed, in order to give me an opportunity to vindicate myself. I desire to thank the government for giving me what they deemed to be so many others—namely, an opportunity to be heard.

The resolution was adopted.

REBEL PLANS AT WINCHESTER.—A correspondent of the New York Herald, who was taken prisoner on the retreat of General Banks from Winchester, says that the rebel officers stated that Banks and his whole command was to be captured the next day. Jackson was to be in Maryland on Sunday, where he was to be joined by fifty thousand men. Kirby Smith was to be in Hagerstown on Sunday night, and march thence the following day to Frederick, where he would form a junction with Jackson and the Maryland volunteers, and the next day commence a grand movement on Washington and Baltimore simultaneously. And thus were we told the night of the 10th, when they were driven from the Front River. The chief objects of Jackson's great movement as I have learned from the rebel officers, were: 1. To capture supplies. 2. To destroy Banks's command and produce a panic in Maryland; and 3. To make a demonstration on Washington for the purpose of drawing McClelland off from Richmond. In all these objects he totally failed.

SUBJUG PRISONERS.—Two of the officers who were captured at Shiloh and taken to Selma, Ala., have been released on parole for forty days, and are now in Washington for the purpose of effecting an exchange. They report the south as one vast plantation of corn and potatoes, only enough cotton growing for seed. They are surprised at the prevailing impression that Gen. Prentiss and command were captured early in the morning of Sunday, and state that the surrender was at precisely 5½ o'clock P. M. of that day. Major Stone, late Judge of the Sixth Judicial District, Iowa, was in command of the 3d Iowa on the extreme right of Harbort's division, and next to Prentiss, when the former fell back, his right remained in support of the latter, having fought from 8 A. M. to 3 P. M., on attempting to fall back, Prentiss found himself completely surrounded, and at last, after four rebel brigades being between him and the river, when the 3d Iowa, Harbort's 5th, 12th and 14th Iowa, 5th Illinois, 19th Missouri and 18th Wisconsin regiments surrendered.

MEMPHIS.—The St. Louis Democrat has a Corinth dispatch which states the scene of the fighting at Memphis.—"The people of Memphis have generally acquiesced in the occupation of the city as a military necessity. But the lower classes, the advent of the Unionists is hailed with delight. Not so with the wealthy. They do not hesitate to show by words now uttered they detest the Unionists, as they are pleased to term the Union army."

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.—The supply of beef cattle during the past week amounted to about 15,000 head. The prices realized were from 5 to 9 cents per lb. 400 Cows brought from \$3.50 to \$4.50 per cwt. 2000 Sheep were brought from \$4.00 to \$5.00 per cwt. net.

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CHIEF OF CARTER DE VITTE.—In a late law trial in London, wherein Mavali, the celebrated photographer, was interested, a witness made the following statement relative to the cost of making cartes de visites, or, as they call them in England, "Album portraits."

"The cost of getting up these portraits is 16 pence (37½ cts) per dozen; the whole sale price to the trade from 35 to 50 pence; the retail price at many shops being 16 pence for a single copy, or about 1,000 per cent. profit on the first cost."

This statement refers particularly to the pictures of distinguished public persons, which are made by the dozens or hundreds for public sale, but it affords a fair basis for speculation as to the amount of profit on the other branches of photographic manufacture.

COM. FOOTE is a very religious man, as is well known. Some say that he is a fanatic, who is feeling his breeches, and think he belongs to the "Hard shell Baptists."

## WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market has been rather more active this week, but without any material variation in price. Flour has been disposed of, part for export, at \$4.25 for common northwestern and good winter wheat, superfine, \$5 for City Mills; \$4.65 for best spring wheat extra; \$4.75 for do. extra; \$5.00 for do. extra; \$5.25 for do. extra; \$5.50 for do. extra; \$5.75 for do. extra; \$6.00 for do. extra; \$6.25 for do. extra; \$6.50 for do. extra; \$6.75 for do. extra; \$7.00 for do. extra; \$7.25 for do. extra; \$7.50 for do. extra; \$7.75 for do. extra; \$8.00 for do. extra; \$8.25 for do. extra; \$8.50 for do. extra; \$8.75 for do. extra; \$9.00 for do. extra; \$9.25 for do. extra; \$9.50 for do. extra; \$9.75 for do. extra; \$10.00 for do. extra; \$10.25 for do. extra; \$10.50 for do. extra; \$10.75 for do. extra; \$11.00 for do. extra; \$11.25 for do. extra; \$11.50 for do. extra; \$11.75 for do. extra; \$12.00 for do. extra; \$12.25 for do. extra; \$12.50 for do. extra; \$12.75 for do. extra; \$13.00 for do. extra; \$13.25 for do. extra; \$13.50 for do. extra; \$13.75 for do. extra; \$14.00 for do. extra; 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## Wit and Humor.

### ETHAN SPIKE ON THE MERRYMAC.

HORNEY, JUNE 25th, 1862.

Wot is it about that ere buttin' consarn—the Merry-mack? Some say she's no longer new—has bust her hiler or keriaped her ligins, an hee goes down to the subterranean depths of the herin billows—which is likewise tempestuous round about. Others—that she's with General Fremont at Mer-namoo or Pike's Peak; but up here we moun' generally think she's run the blockhead—through the gut of Kansas—an is now on a rampage down East.

Knowin' the importance of Hornby to the Union, its people naturally feel anxious that it should be properly defended; not that they kee a cum about themselves—but others accounted by that sublime patriotism which—wicks is hankerlatted to do the greatest good to them as practices it.

An knowin' the enemy would strike at Hornby first, I was sent to Orgosity as a committee of the hull on coastwise defences or offences if we needed em.

I found the Governor to him—an a mighty pertite, peirt little body he is, too. "Howd dew you dew?" says the Governor, says he. "Mr. Spike," says he, "Ise been toff of you—but never before did my mortal whish rest on your improvin' countinents—Eas good for some eyes, polly-femus in the nose and glitter in the hed, to look at yer," says he.

I told him that I'd oillers bin accounted good for them decesses, likewise pretty sartin a mump, and death on fite a rebellious ferers. An then says I, "Governor—how dew you dew?"

"Pretty well, I thank you," says he, "exceptin' a bad cold, which has settled on the b'rat, but of the brown creeter or convalescence don't set in, I don't kee. Otherways, I'm so's to be crawlin'."

Then we didn't boath of us say nothin more for some time. The Governor picked his teeth, an I got out my knife an undertuk to whittle the cheer, but the first lick I broke the blade agin a nail.

I fairly squalled—I was so mad.

"Blas't your od rotted nails to eternal blation!" says I.

The Governor laughed.

"How to put nails in all the tables an chiers," says he, "elsewise, I should hev to get a new set every month. Two sets—at least would be whittled up every time the ginsral court sot."

I was riled, an well I mought—twas a ripper, that blade—arter honin it on a brick, I could split a hair—crossways—without bearin on much. For a minit I looked starn—but when I reflected that I could charge it to the town in my bill of expenses, I mollified—I aout laughed the Governor.

"No consequence," says I, "the old knife want wuth a speckled cum—Ise glad you hed nails in the cheer," says I.

An then we shook hands agin.

Arter another long paw of interegnum—the Governor looked at me kinder shy, an says he—

"Mr. Spike, you wanted to see me for suthin'?"

"Howd dew you know that?" says I.

"Come, come," says he, slappin me on the shoulder an laughin; "Ise heern of you, you cum, a perfect down East mether Nick an tallerrand," says he, "but aout with it, old boy."

"Wal," said I, "air you aweer of the importance of Hornby to the perpetooation of the polydiums of the Union?"

"Mr. Spike, I are."

"Wal, then, here's a nutshell—Portland, Bouth Barwick Junction, Kennebunk, Baldwin and Blackstop hev all bin forty fied."

We sir modest, we don't expect to go as high forty, or even thirty, but we do think we oter be fied some of 'tain't more'n fifteen.

Give us a few Bombastic bottlers, a dozen or two each Combonbors, Dan'l Green Parrots an Windfall rifles, a lot of prostration caps, a basket full of comical shells, with steel pins, a few rowelvia turrens to fix onto canawl boats, several or more of you have em to spare, iron clad monsters, ten horrie Medford rum, one ditto flour, about 4000, 000000—

"There, there, hold on, Mr. Spike," interrupted the Governor. "You hev named armaments enough for the rock of Jibber-namway. What on airth do you want it for?"

"Irish Washbun," says I, "the Merry-mack is abroad!" says I.

"Po," says he, "that critter was blowed up three weeks ago."

Says I—

"Irish, it hain't so, it's a federal lie, that briny behemoth of the deep is now on our coast."

"Wal, spout she is—how is she going to get to Hornby?"

"By the canawl," says I.

"But how kin she get through the locks?"

"Irish," says I, "she'll pick em!"

"God bless my soul!" says he, "I never thought of that. I'll call a council meetin to-night."—Vanity Fair.

SCENE AT THE PARK BARRACKS.—DRAMA-TIC PERSONS.—A sick and wounded but good-looking soldier, and an anxious lady nurse in march of a subject.

Lady Nurse—My poor fellow can I do anything for you?

Soldier—(emphatically)—No Ma'am! No this!

Lady Nurse—I should like to do something for you. Shall I not sponge your face and brow for you?

Soldier—(despondingly)—You may if you want to very bad; but you'll be the fourteenth lady as has done it this blessed mornin'—N. Y. Paper.

A URGENT CONTRABAND.—A lady in Washington, desiring to procure a "help," made application at the headquarters of the "contrabands," on Capitol Hill, when the following colloquy ensued between herself and a female contraband who had escaped from "service" in Virginia.

Lady—Well, Dinah, you say you want a place. What can you do? Can you cook?

Contraband—No, m'm; mammy, she allays cooked.

Lady—Are you a good chambermaid?

Contraband—Sister Sally, she allays did the chambers.

Lady—Can you wait in the dining room and attend the door?

Contraband—La, no, m'm; Jim, that was his work.

Lady—Can you wash and iron?

Contraband—Well, you see, m'm Aunt Becky, she allays washed.

Lady—Can you sew?

Contraband—Charity, she allays sewed.

Lady—Then what in the world did you do?

Contraband—Why I allays kep' the flies off the mids!

A REGULAR HUMBUG.—A couple of raw 'uns from the country were out one evening seeing the lions of New York city, when they came across one of the theatres.

"I say, Jake," said the eldest, who gloriol in the appellation of Jonathan, "I've heerd tell of these theatres, and root or die, I'm bound to see one of 'em."

But Jake didn't seem disposed to go in, and an agreement was made that he should sit upon a fire-plug and smoke a cigar, while Jonathan took a peep at the elephant.

He accordingly bought a ticket, went in, and in about fifteen minutes returned with a woful long visage.

"What is it like?" inquired Jake.

"A regular suck in," said Jonathan.

"They've got a great big pictur stuck up agin the wall, and a lot of fellers fiddling before it, and I'll be damed if that isn't all the show!"

How SOME PEOPLE GET SUCH GOOD RECOMMENDATIONS.—A stranger came to the parish of X—, bringing an immensely strong certificate from the parish of Y—, in which he had been teaching. On the strength of this certificate, the people of X— employed him in their vacant school.

The teacher began his work speedily, and proved worth nothing—lazy, stupid and useless.

One of the people of X— met a resident of Y—, and inquired, with some indignation, what on earth the people of Y— meant in giving such a flaming certificate to an utterly incapable teacher. The reply was: "We gave that certificate to get him off our hands; and let me tell you, you people of X— will have to give him a far higher character before you will get rid of him."

DECIDEDLY COOL.—An Arkansas volunteer in the Mexican war, riding on horseback, came across an Illinoisian who was shot in the leg. The Illinoisian told him where he was wounded, and asked to be taken up and conveyed out of danger. "Arkansas" placed him on behind his saddle, and fastened him to himself with a leather strap. While they were hastening from danger, a grape shot took "Illinois" head off, but "Arkansas" thought he had only fainted from fatigue and pain. When a safe place was arrived at, the horseman released his charge, and seeing his head was gone, exclaimed, "Well, these Illinoisians are the greatest liars. Here's a rascal with his head cut off, when he told me he was only shot in the leg. You can't believe a word these fellows say!"

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

William Sanderson was a captain in the Revolutionary War, under Gen. Washington. They were standing together one day engaged in conversation, when afterwards famous Gen. Anthony Wayne rode up and joined them; and Gen. Washington said—

"Gen. Wayne, how many men will it take to storm Stony Point?"

Wayne's reply was—"By God, sir, I can storm it with one regiment!"

Gen. Washington seemed both shocked and grieved, and without uttering a word, but with a stern and solemn countenance, turned his back upon Wayne and stood silent for a few seconds; after which he turned to Wayne, and said—

"Don't say 'By God,' General; but 'With the help of God.'"

There, there, hold on, Mr. Spike," interrupted the Governor. "You hev named armaments enough for the rock of Jibber-namway. What on airth do you want it for?"

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Contraband—Why I allays kep' the flies off the mids!

A REGULAR HUMBUG.—A couple of raw 'uns from the country were out one evening seeing the lions of New York city, when they came across one of the theatres.

"I say, Jake," said the eldest, who gloriol in the appellation of Jonathan, "I've heerd tell of these theatres, and root or die, I'm bound to see one of 'em."

But Jake didn't seem disposed to go in, and an agreement was made that he should sit upon a fire-plug and smoke a cigar, while Jonathan took a peep at the elephant.

He accordingly bought a ticket, went in, and in about fifteen minutes returned with a woful long visage.

"What is it like?" inquired Jake.

"A regular suck in," said Jonathan.

"They've got a great big pictur stuck up agin the wall, and a lot of fellers fiddling before it, and I'll be damed if that isn't all the show!"

How SOME PEOPLE GET SUCH GOOD RECOMMENDATIONS.—A stranger came to the parish of X—, bringing an immensely strong certificate from the parish of Y—, in which he had been teaching. On the strength of this certificate, the people of X— employed him in their vacant school.

The teacher began his work speedily, and proved worth nothing—lazy, stupid and useless.

One of the people of X— met a resident of Y—, and inquired, with some indignation, what on earth the people of Y— meant in giving such a flaming certificate to an utterly incapable teacher. The reply was: "We gave that certificate to get him off our hands; and let me tell you, you people of X— will have to give him a far higher character before you will get rid of him."

DECIDEDLY COOL.—An Arkansas volunteer in the Mexican war, riding on horseback, came across an Illinoisian who was shot in the leg. The Illinoisian told him where he was wounded, and asked to be taken up and conveyed out of danger. "Arkansas" placed him on behind his saddle, and fastened him to himself with a leather strap. While they were hastening from danger, a grape shot took "Illinois" head off, but "Arkansas" thought he had only fainted from fatigue and pain. When a safe place was arrived at, the horseman released his charge, and seeing his head was gone, exclaimed, "Well, these Illinoisians are the greatest liars. Here's a rascal with his head cut off, when he told me he was only shot in the leg. You can't believe a word these fellows say!"

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

William Sanderson was a captain in the Revolutionary War, under Gen. Washington. They were standing together one day engaged in conversation, when afterwards famous Gen. Anthony Wayne rode up and joined them; and Gen. Washington said—

"Gen. Wayne, how many men will it take to storm Stony Point?"

Wayne's reply was—"By God, sir, I can storm it with one regiment!"

Gen. Washington seemed both shocked and grieved, and without uttering a word, but with a stern and solemn countenance, turned his back upon Wayne and stood silent for a few seconds; after which he turned to Wayne, and said—

"Don't say 'By God,' General; but 'With the help of God.'"

There, there, hold on, Mr. Spike," interrupted the Governor. "You hev named armaments enough for the rock of Jibber-namway. What on airth do you want it for?"

"Irish Washbun," says I, "the Merry-mack is abroad!" says I.

"Po," says he, "that critter was blowed up three weeks ago."

Says I—

"Irish, it hain't so, it's a federal lie, that briny behemoth of the deep is now on our coast."

"Wal, spout she is—how is she going to get to Hornby?"

"By the canawl," says I.

"But how kin she get through the locks?"

"Irish," says I, "she'll pick em!"

"God bless my soul!" says he, "I never thought of that. I'll call a council meetin to-night."—Vanity Fair.

SCENE AT THE PARK BARRACKS.—DRAMA-TIC PERSONS.—A sick and wounded but good-looking soldier, and an anxious lady nurse in march of a subject.

Lady Nurse—My poor fellow can I do anything for you?

Soldier—(emphatically)—No Ma'am! No this!

Lady Nurse—I should like to do something for you. Shall I not sponge your face and brow for you?

Soldier—(despondingly)—You may if you want to very bad; but you'll be the fourteenth lady as has done it this blessed mornin'—N. Y. Paper.

A URGENT CONTRABAND.—A lady in Washington, desiring to procure a "help," made application at the headquarters of the "contrabands," on Capitol Hill, when the following colloquy ensued between herself and a female contraband who had escaped from "service" in Virginia.

Lady—Well, Dinah, you say you want a place. What can you do? Can you cook?

Contraband—No, m'm; mammy, she allays cooked.

Lady—Are you a good chambermaid?

Contraband—Sister Sally, she allays did the chambers.

Lady—Can you wait in the dining room and attend the door?

Contraband—La, no, m'm; Jim, that was his work.



THE BEARD MOVEMENT.

MR. BRISTLER—"Then you really think it an improvement, eh?"  
MISS SHARP—"Decidedly—it hides so much of your face."

Somebody wrote to the editor of the *Buryan Journal* a letter of inquiry as to billiards, to whom the editor replied as follows: "Yes, sir, we can tell you all about billiards. It is a game consisting of two men in their shirt sleeves, punching balls about on a table and presenting the keeper of the table with fifteen cents—or as is most commonly the case in this country, telling him to mark it down. This last mentioned custom has given them the title of billiard-markers. If you have a decided genius for the game, you will make a superior player at the expense of about \$100. Blacksmiths, carpenters, etc., play it for exercise. It was invented by a shrewd saloon keeper, who was not satisfied with the profit on whiskey, and was too much opposed to temperance to water it."

## Agricultural.

### CROWS.

Laying aside all other charges, there is one way in which I consider that crows do the farmer more injury than all the good they can possibly do in every way. That is, in their destroying the young of other birds. It is well known that the young of domestic fowls are taken whenever they come in their way; then just consider how many of the young of harmless and useful little birds must fall a prey to their rapacity, when there is hardly a nook or corner, a tree or bush, but what they scour in search of plunder.

Birds that beat the crow, will not allow one to come near their nests. A pair of king-birds have built their nest on an apple tree near the house for a number of years, and there are always two or three nests of other birds on the same tree, though there are other trees near by, that they might just as well build on. Is it not for greater safety that they build there? If a crow comes within an eighth of a mile of this tree, you hear the warning note of the king bird, who immediately gives chase and drives him off.

In destroying insects on a farm, I think that turkeys might be kept to much better advantage than crows. I had rather raise a dozen turkeys on my place than a dozen crows; and how different the footing-up sounds, in the fall, of the two investments; in the one case the music has been all addressed to the ear, and pitched to the tune of innumerable "caw, caw, caw" in the other, the pocket is replenished with the musical jingle of ten or twelve dollars, and a Thanksgiving feast into the bargain.

The flock of crows that return to this part of the state, annually, in the spring, has been slowly decreasing for several years; I should think that last year they might have numbered twelve or fifteen hundred; the use of strychnine, no doubt, accounts for this decrease in a great measure. I should rejoice to spare ninety nine one-hundredths of the remainder. Can any man benefit the public more by the use of twenty five cents than by purchasing that worth of strychnine?—*Gen. N. K. Farmer.*

### FRUIT HINTS.

I have met with decided success in using tobacco stems as a preventive for the peach borer. Frequent examinations since early last spring have revealed but one borer. I renew the supply of stems as often as I deem advisable, and find no injury to the roots from them. I have also acted on Miss Morrill's hint relative to the application of saltpetre, alum, or salt, as special manures for the peach, and with promising results. I sprinkle them on the soil to within about a foot of the trunk of the tree.

My trees, which were inclined to be sickly and of puny growth, are now in splendid condition, and this season made very strong, healthy growth, and from summer pruning are sending out strong, thick branches, some sweeping nearly to the ground, offering complete protection to the trunk from the scorching sun.

Last season, I used Gishum's compound for slugs on my pear and cherry trees. This season I have used nothing but whale oil

soap, which I find quite as effectual and more beneficial to my trees, as a healthy, bright color to the bark, and keeps the leaves fresh-looking and free from spots. I apply it once a week or fortnight, as they may require, and the expense is but little more than that of common soap, costing here five to six and a quarter cents a pound. Instead of a syringe, I use a "hydropult," which has great forcing power, and its flexible tube renders it far superior to the syringe in application to the underside of foliage.—*H. C. VAN TINE, in Horticulturist.*

### THE BEST TIME TO PRUNE.

An old clergyman is quoted as defining this time to be "when your knife is sharp." He was certainly right, for a smooth clean cut is very essential to the healing of the wound. But there is very great difference in the healing of wounds on account of the season in which they are made. Pruning done in March and April, especially if large limbs are removed, often injures an orchard for life. The sap oozes from all the pores and runs down upon the bark, discoloring and oftentimes destroying it—called scalding. Without other protection, decay begins, and in a few years you have a hollow limb.

We like the month of June for pruning better than all others. If the work is done soon after the new wood begins to form, the wounds made by the removal of small limbs will be nearly covered over the same season they are made. The leaves make such a demand upon the wood for sap that none of it escapes from the wounded pores. It is also a favorable time for thumb pruning. By watching the growth of the shoots upon young trees they may be brought into symmetrical shape without much use of the knife.—*American Agriculturist.*

USEFULNESS OF TOADS IN GARDENS.—At a recent meeting of the Brooklyn Horticultural Society, the subject of toads in gardens was under discussion, when Mr. Burgess, an "old country gardener of long experience," stated "that thirty years' observation had convinced him that it was the snail, and not the toad, which devoured strawberries and their vines. Most people attributed the destruction to toads, but he was certain that they were harmless. In gardens he considered them of great use, and all gardeners should look upon them as their best friends. Mr. Fuller endorsed all that had been said upon the subject, and he was glad to hear it. He believed the toad a most valuable auxiliary to the gardener. They were worth \$500 a piece, as they keep the ground clear of insects entirely. Besides they can be domesticated. This was not generally known; nevertheless it was true. Those in his garden knew him, and would follow in order to get the insects, caterpillars, etc. Their preservation ought to be attended to. Mr. Burgess was of the opinion that there should be a fine for killing them."—*Country Gentleman.*

LICE ON CATTLE.—A safe, sure, simple, and economical way of killing lice on cattle is to take the water in which potatoes have been boiled, rub thoroughly the cattle which are afflicted in this way once a week, for two or three weeks, or until the nits are all hatched out, and the stock of lice will be among the things that were. The remedy is so simple that some will not believe until they have tried it. It is, nevertheless, a sure cure, if faithfully and thoroughly applied.

Another remedy is in an ounce of preventive,—good feed, good water, good clean sheds and stables, and lice will not colonize in the vicinity.

QUANTITY OF FOOD FOR OXEN.—Frequent observations have shown that an ox will consume two per cent. of his weight of hay per day to maintain his condition. If put to moderate labor, an increase of this quantity to three per cent. will enable him to perform his work, and still maintain his flesh. If he is to be fattened, he requires about four and a half per cent. of his weight daily in nutritious food.—*Michigan Farmer.*

WOUNDS ON HORSES.—The receipt for wounds on horses, such as collar and saddle-galls, &c., is furnished to the *American Stock Journal* by Dr. Dadd, the well-known veterinary surgeon:—Pulverized aloes, 8 ounces; pulverized myrrh, 4 ounces; pulverized catechu, 4 ounces; pulverized bessein, 4 ounces; new rum, 1 gallon. Let the mixture stand for two or three weeks, frequently shaking, and filter through fine linen.

## Useful Receipts.

HOW TO TAN SKINS.—1. Take two parts of saltpetre and one of alum; pulverize finely, mix them and sprinkle evenly over the flesh side of the skin; then roll the skin tightly together, and let it remain a few days, according to the weather, then scrape the skin till it is soft and pliable. I have tanned skins in this way so that they would be as soft and white as buckskins.

2. "A reader" wishes to know the mode of tanning coon and fox skins with the fur on. I will give him my mode of operation. If the skin is green from the body, scrape all the flesh from it, then pulverize equal parts of saltpetre and alum and cover the flesh part of the skin with it; put the flesh in such a manner as to hold the brine when dissolved, then lay it away in a cool place—say the cellar—and let it lay four or six days; then cover the flesh part with soft soap and wash off clean with water. Dry in the shade, roll and pull occasionally while drying; then roll and pull until soft and pliable.—*N. K. Farmer.*

MILDEW ON RUM.—It is said by those who have been troubled with mildew on their rum, that if they are well syringed with lager beer, it is a certain remedy for it. One of the finest collections in the country was saved by two applications of it after other means failed.—*Country Gentleman.*

CURRANT JELLY.—4 quarts ripe currants mashed in both hands, till nearly all are broken; squeeze out the stems and remove them. Put the pulp in a strong bag and squeeze very tightly, and there will